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TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

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Editor



SHAKEN BUT NOT DISMAYED

WITH upward of a million dollars' property loss from the effects of the three Tuesday night temblors in the Imperial valley, that no lives were lost on the California side is a source of much gratification to the people of the state, who deeply sympathize with their fellow-citizens of the delta. Thus far the irrigation system is reported safe, although in the vicinity of Sharp's Heading, the principal and controlling unit of water supply for the valley, serious fissures have been opened up contiguous to the concrete construction work that may have a detrimental effect on the controlling supply, especially in the event of further shocks. Naturally, the larger buildings in the county seat, which were in the fault line, were the worst sufferers; probably half the entire loss in the valley has been concentrated in El Centro. North of that point little if any damage was done, Imperial escaping almost entirely although less than five miles away. In Calexico and across the line in Mexicali the force of the temblors was even more pronounced than in El Centro and in the Mexican village several persons are reported killed by falling debris. Heber and Holtville suffered, but with no fatalities.

For years the older settlers in the valley have contemplated with uneasiness the rumblings in the so-called extinct volcanoes in the Cocopah mountains, realizing that the disturbances below might at any time become acute, to the imminent danger of the valley. According to the head of the department of physical geography at the state university the Tuesday night temblors are attributable to the lost southern end of the San Andreas fault, which caused the San Francisco disaster of 1906. Prof. R. S. Holway is quoted as saying that investigation has shown that the San Andreas fault ran down into the Mojave desert, but that the lost end probably extended far south. If this were true, he said, the fact that the seismographic records did not indicate great violence would be explained by the soft or broken formation of the Imperial valley. The waves were almost entirely north and south and the series of shocks less violent than many others recorded in the last ten years.

While the property loss is to be deplored and the mental shock to the residents of the valley is not inappreciable there is no occasion for undue depression. The damage might have been much greater and compared with the 1906 calamity in San Francisco is a mere trifle. The more substantial buildings of El Centro appear to have been only slightly damaged and at that largely confined to exterior plaster work or decorations,

as in the new Barbara Worth hotel. The main cause for congratulation is the absence of fatalities in the valley proper and the unscathed water system. With a peerless area filled with growing crops that are intact and the likelihood that a repetition of the temblors is only remotely possible, the sturdy inhabitants of the valley will not lose heart by the visitation, regarding the momentary loss with equanimity if not serenity. As Colonel Holabird, receiver of the California Development Company, pertinently observes: "A country so rich as Imperial valley cannot be overcome by such an act of nature as that experienced Tuesday night." We shall look for resolutions from the chambers of commerce in the valley reflecting the indomitable spirit which undoubtedly prevails in the Salton Sea neighborhood. They may be below sea level but in ambition and energy the settlers of the valley are away above par.

WHEN POLITICAL CRONIES DISAGREE

WHATEVER may have been the causes leading to the resignation of District Attorney Woolwine's chief deputy, the public must deprecate the questionable taste of the self-immolated gentleman in promulgating his diatribes against his late chief. If Mr. Woolwine is the unfit person Mr. Dean paints him the deputy has been an unconscionable long time in making the discovery. He advertises that he devoted himself to Mr. Woolwine's cause for upward of a year prior to the election, yet in all that time although in daily and hourly consultation with the candidate he appears to have discovered no flaws in his principal's mental and moral armor. Now that it is too late for the public to undo its work of last November—save through the pestiferous recall—the man largely responsible, by his own admissions, for the elevation of Mr. Woolwine, shamelessly tells us that his choice is a false alarm, that he has been egregiously mistaken in his estimate, that the people are being flimflammed.

Whether they are or not the accusations made issue with decided ill grace from the lips of the manager of Mr. Woolwine's campaign. It was inevitable that the prosecutor and his chief deputy would disagree. Both have unmixable elements and the determination of the subordinate to rule the roost is only paralleled by the insistence of the district attorney to submit to no dictation. Doubtless, Mr. Dean is not responsible for the Sebastian trial, as he alleges, but how disloyal to the office to attempt to discredit its administration in the manner shown! It was all right for the deputy to sever his relations if he were dissatisfied with the treatment accorded him or was out of sympathy with the head of the office, but why rend his chief in the effort to gain approbation for his course? The decent way, the way of the true sportsman, would have been to efface himself without splash of expletives, hurl of reproach or sting of innuendo. He had made a mistake. All right, then get out and pay the penalty for his error of judgment. To state that he is impelled to make revelations in the interest of the people sounds like sheer buncombe. The discriminating will subscribe to no such doctrine.

Reading between the lines of Mr. Dean's quasi-public correspondence, we are impelled to the conclusion that the people made a tremendous blunder in choosing Mr. Woolwine instead of his campaign manager for the office of prosecuting

attorney of Los Angeles county. This seems to be the interpretation the garrulous writer would have his readers make of his accusations. The inefficiency and incompetency of the office, so he declares, take color from its head, who would permit no suggestion from his chief deputy. If the latter had been in charge, the inference is that the public would have no cause for complaint. Possibly, this is true, but if Mr. Dean's judgment of one man, with whom he was in such confidential relations for a year, is so awry, as he indicates, what assurance have we that his conduct of the district attorney's office would show subtler qualities? Inasmuch as Mr. Woolwine has only eighteen months to serve to complete his term if he is as unfit as Mr. Dean insinuates, be sure the people will get wise to the situation and act accordingly. We hazard the opinion that nothing stated by the retiring deputy will prejudice Mr. Woolwine's case. His restraint in forbearing to comment on the captious deputy's unpardonable loquacity is in admirable taste. His prompt acceptance of the resignation a strong argument in his favor.

GORING THE OTHER MAN'S OX

WITH gas for fuel and lighting purposes at 64½ cents for the ensuing year, as fixed by the city council, the public, possibly, is to be felicitated upon the low rate; but since it means a direct loss of about one hundred thousand dollars to the leading gas corporation the people may not be so greatly benefited after all. As is well known there are certain outlying districts, desirous of being served with gas, that are deprived of the accommodation owing to the fact that the producing company has insufficient funds to prosecute the work of extending its mains. Already, thousands of dollars have been tied up by the case in court affecting the rate of a year ago, which has resulted in stopping the marketing of bonds for extension purposes, thus blocking all efforts of the company to meet legitimate demands. This further cut in the rate, to become operative July 1, presumably, will be productive of similar injunction proceedings and the segregation of other moneys pending a legal settlement of the amounts in controversy.

How is the welfare of the city enhanced by harassing one of its leading manufactories in the manner noted? The consumer, whose bill averaged one dollar a month for the fiscal year ending June 30, may get his gas supply for 96½ cents the ensuing year. To him the difference is insignificant, but to the distributor it is likely to prove a serious handicap, should the courts confirm the rate. If the Mulholland estimate of the gas properties is to be taken as a criterion of the investment, carrying the right to receive a fair income thereon, the courts will declare the new rate prejudicial to the vested interest and savoring of confiscation. Certainly, if this is the ruling based on last year's rate it follows that the still lower schedule will similarly be held inoperative and void. In that event the funds so long tied up will be released and the company, relieved of the incubus, will be able to meet the needs of the community. It is natural to find bond houses hesitating to handle the securities of a corporation whose earnings are rendered so uncertain by the arbitrary acts of a city council alleged to be prodded to its task by the publisher of a daily paper bent on embarrassing the producing company.

How true this charge is The Graphic has no

means of knowing, but we are able to draw the same conclusion that is open to all observers of the situation. We have seen the Tribune and the Express indulge in long tirades on the gas question, offering arguments in support of their contention not always justified by the facts. This was eminently the case when the natural gas rate was under discussion, the vast outlay of the supply company in bringing its service line down from the north receiving scant consideration at the hand of its detractor, the responsible owner of the attacking newspapers.

This was in marked contrast with his attitude when the rate for the Home Telephone Company was threatened several years ago. A reduction was contemplated by the city council that would have worked havoc with the company's finances in which the newspaper owner was largely interested. With great vigor he opposed the suggested cut, his arguments, inspired by his threatened loss of revenue, having the desired effect. But no such incentive exists in the case of the natural gas supply company and that of the manufacturing corporation whose legitimate revenue he seeks to curtail; the latter concern, especially, has been the target of continued attack by his papers, the motive for which is not outwardly apparent, save that it is certain he has no stock to protect. Is it possible that the exclusive articles on the gas situation recently appearing in his two papers are inspired by a business deal with the head of the minor gas concern who for years has been seeking to unload the property on the larger corporation at a prohibitive price?

ALLEE SAMEE NATIVE SON

HOW can anyone who follows the news columns doubt the ability of the Oriental to rise to the dignity of citizenship? Dea Goon Foo wants \$25,000 for the alienation of his wife's affections! Could anything be more American, more distinctly "wise" to civilized ways? Only in the most highly developed society has a wife's devotion a cash value. Of course, there are other transactions whereby a loving American undertakes to stamp the dollar mark on everything he holds dear, else how can he tell how dear it is?

Faithfully have zealous missionaries striven to christianize the Chinaman. There have been discouragements, of course. At times, in his Chinese way, the Oriental has thoughtlessly stabbed the queen of his heart when she did not please him. But not so Dea Goon Foo. He has observed better ways; he has learned restraint and self-control from western nations. He may even have acquired a little wholesome respect for Miss Cameron, whom he has sued, and whose long devotion even an American must reverence.

Wo Lin Oy bore him a son and hid it from him. Did he register curses in his joss-house or burn sickish sweets before his idols while he keened the edge of his knife on the sole of his shoe? Not at all. He calmly, but firmly, like a Christian gentleman, examined his hurt and appraised it. Since he has cut his queue, and gone to court there is but one step more. When he can wink his slant eye it will be hard to tell him from a Native Son.

GEORGIA'S GREATER SINNING

SUPPOSE that all the mobs, the politicians, the state militia, the police, the interested citizens of every grade who have been so excited about Leo Frank and his fate, should turn their attention to rescuing the working child of Georgia from his misery! What a splendid outlet for energy and sympathy that have been used so extravagantly in the case of one man and one child, or girl hardly more than a child! Guilty or not guilty, the world may never know, but Frank is punished whether by hanging or life imprisonment to suffer remorse. For months the whole state has been shaken and the entire country in-

formed and asked to judge. Money has been spent lavishly for new trials and delays and now, for protection of the governor from the wrath of mobs!

Meantime, the child labor law of Georgia is one of the worst in the country, and even that is broken and made blacker. But who is worrying about it? Hundreds of children from ten, or even eight years of age, stand long hours at looms in the cotton mills, their lungs filling with fluff, their bodies dwarfed and minds stunted. Where are the protesting mobs, the brave state militia, the conscientious governor, the storming editors? One-tenth of the money spent on the Frank trial would secure better legislation, better education and better health for the working child of Georgia. One-tenth the publicity given the Frank case would shame the employers of babies into a semblance of Christian consideration for the rights of others.

Georgia is a long way off to be sure, and the "still small voice" is easily drowned by noise, but a little better sense of proportion of the presence of crime in the southern state would shine like a "good deed in a naughty world" just now.

REAL, DOWN-TO-DATE POETRY

MODERN or "radical" poetry is finding many admirers. One of the best points in its favor is that it is within ready reach of the multitude and is plain and easy to understand. Keats and Shelley and Browning were well enough; they wrote a number of pretty lines, but, alas, Greek to the masses. When Shelley, for instance, wants to make a man say how miserable he is what a lot of words he has to use! for example:

The tongueless caverns of the craggy hills
Cried, "Misery!" Then, the hollow Heaven replied,
"Misery!" And the ocean's purple waves,
Climbing the land, howled to the lashing winds,
And the pale nations heard it, "Misery!"

Of course, it does swing along like a fresh wind and whirls everything before it, but not everybody could understand that it was a sorrow as big as the earth, crying out. One would need to think and feel really to enjoy it, and there is so little time for either. What is needed is nice, plain speech about everyday things, so anyone who runs may read and not take his eyes off the little path he is scuttling along to the hive of industry. This one, called "Trainor, the Druggist," is the kind:

Only the chemist can tell, and not always the chemist,
What will result from compounding
Fluids or solids.
And who can tell
How men and women will interact
On each other, or what children will result?
There were Benjamin Pantier and his wife,
Good in themselves, but evil toward each other;
He oxygen, she hydrogen,
Their son, a devastating fire.
I, Trainor, the druggist, a mixer of chemicals,
Killed while making an experiment,
Lived unwedded.

With a good model like that anyone can be a poet, and belong to the elect. "O, they aren't so much!" one can hear Edgar Lee Masters mutter as he writes reams of 'em. Here is one done by a deft matron without any preparation at all, five minutes after reading "Trainor." No need to lumber the mind with useless forms, or rules of rhetoric; just grasp a pencil and a thought, and wade right in. Be sure to have human interest; everything else is as may be. It was just after luncheon so, naturally, she took a related subject:

Only the cook can tell, and not always even the cook,
What will result from compounding
Butter, flour and sugar;
And who can tell
Just how the cookstove will act.
Depending on gas
Or wood, or coal,
Rests the result of the mixture.
There were crab and cucumbers,
Good in themselves, but evil toward each other;
Crab, hydrogen,
Cuke, oxygen
Mixed with milk over the fire.
I, Mary (Ev . . . tt) the experimenter,
Killed by chemicals,
Would have lived, had crab and cuke
Remained unwedded!

Here we have the same lofty sentiment, singing

rhythm, and hint of hygiene. Gee! it's great to be a poet. Especially a modern, radical one! But poetry has suffered a "sea-change."

GRAPHITES

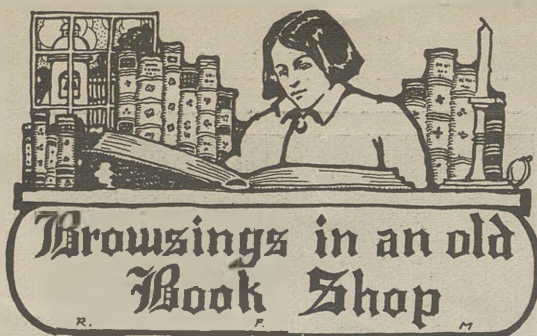
By the consideration shown for a uniform in the two countries the difference in point of view between Germans and Americans is well illustrated. In Germany it means a person having authority, one to be obeyed. In this country, on the contrary, it symbolizes, in the public estimation, one to be ordered around, a porter or one of his ilk. Even a railway conductor or policeman is usually regarded as one whose duty is to give service rather than to issue orders.

In the preparation of election returns the trouble is not so much in the election laws as in the manner of appointment and character of the election officials. Most men who have the necessary ability are busy and either dislike, or are unable, to spare a day to serve on an election board. Consequently, many are appointed whose only qualification is that they have the leisure and need the money. They are given no instruction about either the election laws or their duties, and they have to do the best their general ignorance permits. It not infrequently happens that there is no one on a board whose experience or intelligence qualifies him to take charge of the work and see that it is properly done.

To the best of our information and belief, except typhus fever in Serbia, down to the present time there has been no development of epidemic disease in any of the European armies or countries, as a result of the great war, though the collection of such masses of men under necessarily poor sanitary conditions furnishes the best possible chance for such an outbreak. Compare this with the history of smallpox in California about fifty years ago! In the winter of 1862-3 there were more than three hundred deaths from this disease in the then small pueblo of Los Angeles (population about ten thousand), more than one hundred and fifty cases at San Juan Capistrano. In 1868 there were in excess of twelve hundred cases of smallpox in San Francisco, a city at that time of about two hundred thousand inhabitants. Vaccination of all the soldiers in all European armies explains the difference.

Here is an example of the right sort of Pan-Americanism. The town of Iquitos in Peru, on the headwaters of the Amazon, east of the Andes, was the center of the rubber trade. It was also one of the pest holes of the world. Malaria, yellow fever, smallpox, dysentery, were endemic. Rabies, plague, cholera, tuberculosis, leprosy and typhoid fever, added their quota of deaths. Owing to the unspeakably filthy and careless habits of the population, and the lack of all sanitary facilities, practically all the inhabitants suffered from hookworm or other intestinal parasites. In 1912 the reported annual death rate was 49.52 in the thousand. At the request of the Peruvian government, an officer of the United States Public Health Service was sent there in 1913 to devise ways and means to abate the diseases. In the first six months of 1914 the death rate had been reduced to 21 in the thousand per annum. The stagnation of the rubber trade, caused by the European war, prevented the installation of a sewer system and other sanitary appliances, but even without this, conditions will be much better this year.

In 1369, Hungary and Venice were fighting for the possession of Dalmatia; five and a half centuries later, Italy and Austria-Hungary, heirs to those earlier states, are again at war. The dispute is still relative to the sovereignty of that same narrow strip of coast and the method used in attempting to settle the quarrel is identical. One would think that the failure of five hundred years to show the adequacy of gunpowder to determine the overlordship, would have convinced those nations that they can never arrive at a decision by its agency, but they go on blindly trying to conclude the ages-old difference in the ages-old way. It really seems a most stupid procedure. And what has that narrow strip of coast to say about it all? Has anyone ever asked Dalmatia whether she would rather belong to the Magyars or the City of the Lagoons? Certainly not! All of which proves that even the metropolis of the southwest is more civilized than those nations of old Europe, since a strip of farmlands, be it ever so eagerly coveted to aid in bearing the weight of new bond-issues, is at least allowed to express its opinion by a plebiscite before being swallowed up by Los Angeles.



RECENTLY, I had occasion to note that in choosing a list of books for his summer reading at the seashore George III of England selected Rapin's "History of England" in twenty-one volumes, of the 1757 edition, as the foundation of his temporary library. They were in 8vo., hence easy to pick up at odd intervals, a vast improvement on the original form of publication which was in ten quarto volumes, in French, dated Amsterdam, 1724. Four years later the work was translated into English by N. Tindall, with additional notes and a continuation, since Rapin's carried the history only to the revolution in 1688. Dibdin assures book collectors that no brighter or more desirable ornament, in the historical department of a library, can be had than the second folio edition of Rapin and Tindall. Such was my prize this week at the Old Book Shop, two volumes, (1732) in perfect preservation. The first English edition with the Tindall notes appeared in 1728, 8vo. in fifteen volumes, but the second edition, which is mine, was contained in two volumes folio, with skillful engravings by Vertue, Du Bosc and other noted artists of the early eighteenth century.

That so good a history of England should be written by a Frenchman would be extraordinary were it not for the fact that Paul de Rapin, who was born at Castres, France, March 25, 1661, lived there only until he was twenty-five, when the revocation of the edict of Nantz caused persecutions that sent him abroad. After a short stay in England he crossed over to Holland, and enlisted in a company of volunteers that later formed part of the army of the Prince of Orange, in whose service he returned to England. Rapin won his ensigncy at the siege of Carrickfergus in Ireland, was advanced to a lieutenantcy just before the battle of the Boyne, in which he took part, and at the assault of Limerick he was shot in the shoulder. He was present at the taking of Baltimore, at the siege of Athlone, and in other engagements in the Irish campaign, remaining there until 1693, when he was ordered to London to become tutor or governor to the Earl of Portland's son. In 1699 he accompanied his pupil abroad but after a twelvemonth he rejoined his family and went to live at the Hague where he began preparing for the history that he was to write. Besides Greek and Latin, he understood Italian and Spanish, not to mention high and low Dutch. As for English, which was the most necessary of all, he had made that his particular study.

Rapin devoted seventeen years to the composition of his great work and almost entirely ruined a previously good constitution in so doing. For the last three years of his life he was warned that only by relinquishing his ambition could he recover his health, but he bravely stuck to his self-imposed task. The only moderation he allowed himself, says his biographer, Dr. Tindall, was a resolve not to rise before six o'clock, after which it was impossible for him to sleep or lie in bed. Walking was his only diversion, but that soon tired the sick man and to a fit of fever he succumbed May 16, 1725, within a year after the issuance of his magnum opus at Amsterdam. He left one son and six daughters. Of his work other than his history nothing appears save that "he writ several little things in prose and verse, with humor and gaiety; but as they were on light or ludicrous subjects, and designed only for a present amusement with his friends, he never thought them worth revising." How I should have liked to glance at M. Rapin's mind when it was "off duty," so to say, when his literary brain was relaxing to please his friends by indulging in compositions on frivolous subjects.

In his Introduction to the History of England Rapin tells us that it was curiosity, mainly, to learn by what steps England had attained grandeur and power that led him to study English history and eventually to write about it. He warns his readers that he has not attempted to include Scotland in his work, as he sees no reason why he should do so, the two countries having been separate for a long period. Rapin accepts without cavil the popular origin of the name Albion from the Green word Alphon, signifying

white, in allusion to the white cliffs of England. As to Britain he inclines to the version given by Bochart, the antiquarian, that the Phoenicians, sailing to the island of Albion to buy tin, gave it the name Barac-Anac, i. e., the land of tin, which being by the Greeks modified into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. Referring to the customs of the early Britons for a dozen brothers or friends to live in community and have their wives in common Rapin tells this story: Julia, Severus' empress, one day upbraided a British matron for approving this custom, so detestable to other nations, whereupon the sturdy British woman returned this bold answer: "That the Roman ladies have little reason to reproach us upon this account, since we do publicly with the best of our men what they do privately with the worst of theirs, freedmen and slaves." Not bad for a half-civilized native of A. D. 209 or thereabouts.

Rapin's story of the invasion of the Romans is fascinatingly told; as unlike cut-and-dried history as could well be imagined. Then, too, he is so frank. When the origin of any interesting point is obscure he does not hesitate to say so; there is nothing of the Sir Oracle about him. Thus in regard to the origin of the Saxons he admits it is impossible to tell with any degree of certainty whence they sprung. "Some," says he, "take up the Saxons at the tower of Babel, and leading them from country to country, settle them at last in Saxony, so-called from them." Others derive them from the Sacae or Sassones of Asia, mentioned by Pliny. The most plausible theory is that they were originally from Persia, because of the affinity between several Saxon and Persian words. Scaliger says that fader, muder, broder, tuchter, band and the like, are still used in the Persian language, in the same sense as father, mother, brother, daughter, bond are with us. As to the true etymology of the name Saxon, it is as difficult of discovery as their origin. The most common opinion is that the word comes from Seax, which, in the Saxon language, signifies a kind of weapon or sword. This etymology gave occasion to a couplet written by Engelbusius:

The Saxon people did, as most believe,
Their name from Saxa, a short sword, receive.

As for the Angles, who joined with the Saxons when they came out of Jutland to make conquests in Germany, becoming one nation before going into Britain, the historian Camden says: "Between Jutland and Holfatia, the ancient seat of the Saxons, there is a small province in the kingdom of Denmark, under the city of Flemsburg called at this day Angel, which Lindebergius in his epistles terms Little England. I am pretty well assured that it is the ancient seat of our forefathers; and that from this very place the Angles came into our islands." "Old Anglia," says that ancient historian Ethelwerd, is situated between the Saxons and Giots (Goths), the capital town whereof is called in Saxon Sleswick, but by the Danes Haithby. In the same place, Ptolemy seems to seat the Saxons. Doubtless the ancient English author was in the right when he wrote:

Their rise to Saxony the Angles owe
Their language, this, and native whiteness show.

So many of us in America are of Anglo-Saxon origin that it is not uninteresting to hark back to the fountain head. Rapin recalls that artifice related of Dido when about to build Carthage which Hengist the Saxon worked on Vortigern, king of the Britons. The Saxon desired leave to build a little fort on the lands given him in Lincolnshire, as much as an oxhide could surround, which request being granted, he cut the hide into small thongs inside which space he hastily ran up a fort, appropriately called the Castle of Thongs. But this is not to be a review of Rapin's history. I have merely tried to indicate the entertaining manner in which he compiled his most interesting work. To me history is much more fascinating than the best of fiction and ranks next to biography in general interest. My copy is beautifully printed on tough fibred paper that shows no particle of wear. It is bound in full leather and is gold-tooled on the back. The title page is printed in two colors and an etching by Vertue heightens its attractiveness.

S. T. C.

BALLAD OF THE BOY WHO WAS SEVEN

[From the French of Miguel Zamacois]

When on the passes of the hills
The dawn broke drear and chill,
Along the village street there crept
Strange shapes all shrieking shrill.
For fearful shades of hate appear,
When men their brothers kill.

A little child of seven years,
A pretty little boy,
Who happy over nothing was,
Pleased with the simplest toy,
Shouted and laughed the whole day through,
From an excess of joy.

Great, smiling eyes of blue had he
And curly yellow hair.
Between his teeth he whistled such
A lively little air;
And he was proud as proud could be
Of this new talent rare.

We know him well, the little lad—
Scornful of girls is he
And divers odds-and-ends cram full
His pocket-treasury;
Those foolish things that make a child
As happy as can be.

Four pennies mean as much to him
As princely wealth untold;
As vast of sum they seem to be
As horde of pirate bold;
They make him monarch for a space
As rich as Croesus old.

He jumps and runs all day, and finds
In active games delight;
Like any other healthy boy,
He shouts with all his might.
His sleep is just one lengthy nap,
From eve to morning's light.

Delight he finds in stirring tales
Of bravery and gore;
Like any other child he loves
To play, with lads, at war;
In this as in all other things
He follows boyhood's lore.

New pastimes he could not invent,
Being a tiny lad;
He found in the defense of France
Amusement to be had;
Hereditary hate he felt
For her foes myriad.

How jolly life is for a boy
Who numbers seven years!
Each day is made for mirth. Quick passed
Are childhood's April tears.
Unhappiness is quite unknown
To him who nothing fears.

When on the passes of the hills
The dawn broke drear and chill,
Along the village street there crept
Strange shapes all shrieking shrill,
For fearful shades of hate appear
When men their brothers kill.

Crossing the village street the lad
Espied the enemy,
O'er burdened with machines of death
So terrible to see.
But one at seven amusement finds
In German treachery.

For quickly at the marching men
This fearless little child
Did point his musket made of wood,
A harmless toy and mild.
The Germans ruthless shot him down,
When Frenchmen would have smiled.

Aye, any Frenchman would have laughed
With this small warrior gay,
And with a lot of monkey-tricks
Delight the fool to play,
And thus amuse a little boy
So eager for the fray.

At one fell blow you soil your land
Cruel Power, how wantonly!
Are there no children playing then
In your dread Germany?
To kill a little one at play
Belies humanity.

But, masters, when this crime is lodged
Against you, Judgment Day,
All trembling you will stand alone
Before the bar at bay;
Then for this act of hatred grim
Most heavily you'll pay.

When you stand in the silence there,
For you shall plead no one;
Upon a scale you will be placed
Before God's martyred Son.
A child, will be the heavier,
Who holds a wooden gun.

When on the passes of the hills
The dawn broke drear and chill,
Along the village street there crept
Strange shapes all shrieking shrill,
For fearful shades of hate appear
When men their brothers kill.

—WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Sunset Club Celebrates Twentieth Anniversary



President Robert N. Bulla

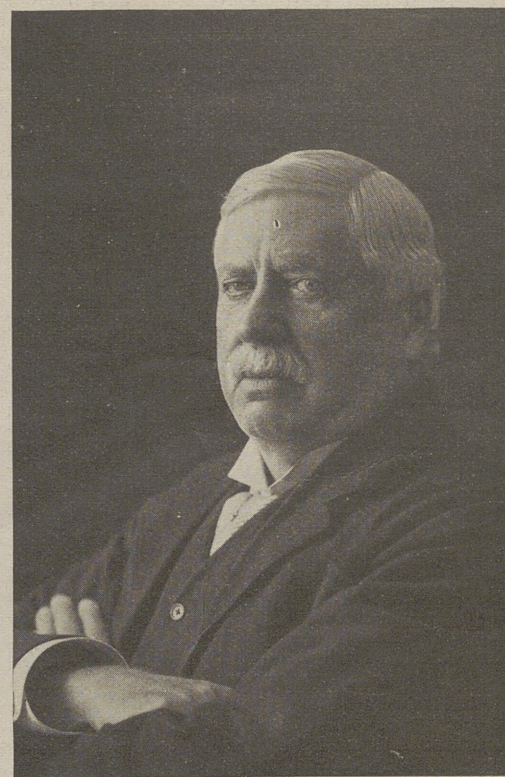
WITH the meeting Friday of this week of the Sunset Club, in the banquet room of the Hoffman Cafe, a notable cycle of this unique organization was completed. Just twenty years ago the club was formed in the same room at the Hoffman, with the late Charles D. Willard as the founder and the late Judge Enoch Knight as the first president. Since that auspicious date there have been 200 meetings held with unvarying regularity the last Friday of each month, save in July and August. The average attendance has been forty, exactly the number present at the initial gathering. The smallest roll-call was at the meeting of April, 1900, when twenty-five responded. The largest attendance was at Yule night, 1896, at Jerry's old place on Third street, when fifty-nine were present.

As is fairly well-known the Sunset Club is limited to seventy members, of which there are now sixty-two in active affiliation, with nine honorary members. The oldest is Major Ben. C. Truman, of fourscore, the youngest, Oscar Mueller, of 38 years. The object of the club is the

happy commingling of a limited number of business and professional men having kindred aims and aspirations to discuss, informally, topics of current interest, following the monthly dinner. In the twenty years of social fellowship many able and informing original papers have been written and read by the members, to the edification and enjoyment of the club in its entirety. Twice a year the members relax for jollity. At the summer jinks the last of May and at the Yule tide gathering. At the latter time the club sings its own Sunset lyrics and enjoys a program specially prepared for the holiday occasion.

At the summer outing at Squirrel Inn last month the members enacted a moving picture drama which was the feature of the twentieth anniversary meeting Friday night, evoking no end of fun. In addition, charter members of the club, of which nineteen attended the first meeting and are still in active affiliation, indulged in brief reminiscences. This year former State Senator Robert N. Bulla (who is also president of the Chamber of Commerce)—a charter member—is the honored president. The nineteen who attended the initial meeting and who continue as participants in the club's activities are:

Messrs. Fred L. Alles, (Doctor) Norman Bridge, Robert N. Bulla, Charles Cassat Davis, T. A. Eison, J. Bond Francisco, M. L. Graff, L. A. Groff, Sumner P. Hunt, E. W. Jones, J. O. Koepfli, J. W. McKinley, Henry W. O'Melveny, George W. Parsons, R. W. Poindexter, James Slauson, Louis



First President Enoch Knight

son, Rev. C. J. K. Jones, Frank W. King, Oscar C. Mueller, Wm. Mulholland, A. H. Naftzger, H. Z. Osborne, C. C. Parker, Geo. S. Patton, Willoughby Rodman, Joseph Scott, Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, Judge Lucien Shaw, Paul Shoup, Dr. E. R. Smith, Congressman Wm. D. Stephens, Otheman Stevens, Ben. C. Truman, Dr. Jay H. Utley, W. J. Washburn, Judge C. D. Wilbur, W. D. Woolwine.

There has been only one vice-president of the club, an office conferred on Charles D. Willard, and abolished in 1897. The presidents of the club since its organization have been: 1895-96, Enoch Knight; 1897, Chas. Dwight Willard; 1898-99, Henry T. Lee; 1900, Henry W. O'Melveny; 1901, John M. Elliott; 1902, Jonathan S. Slauson; 1903, John J. Byrne; 1904, George H. Stewart; 1905, Henry Z. Osborne; 1906, Percy R. Wilson; 1907, A. B. McCutchen; 1908, R. W. Burnham; 1909, W. C. Patterson; 1910, James Slauson; 1911, Ben. C. Truman; 1912, John E. Fishburn; 1913, J. W. McKinley; 1914, J. O. Koepfli; 1915, Robert N. Bulla.

Two officers have never changed. The perennial secretary and treasurer, respectively, are Fred L. Alles and Louis F. Vetter, the real pooh-bahs of the club. They are the rules and regulations incarnate; there are no others.



Club Founder Charles D. Willard

F. Vetter, Frank Wiggins and (Doctor) W. Le Moynes Wills.

Of the forty who were present at that notable first meeting, twelve have joined the great majority. They are: Frank W. Burnett, Major W. A. Elderkin, C. J. Ellis, Frank A. Gibson, Burt Estes Howard, Enoch Knight, Henry T. Lee, L. E. Mosher, W. C. Patterson, C. D. Willard, H. B. Wing, Fred W. Wood. Other of the charter members, since deceased, include: John F. Francis, A. W. Francisco (father of Bond), H. W. Latham, H. L. Macneil, J. S. Slauson, K. H. Wade, and Stephen M. White. The members now affiliated and not included in the nineteen living charter members are: Jas. A. Anderson, Wm. D. Babcock, Doctor John Willis Baer, W. G. Barnwell, L. W. Blinn, Willis H. Booth, Walter Bordwell, Harry Ellington Brook, R. W. Burnham, Jno. J. Byrne, Edward W. Camp, A. B. Cass, Sam T. Clover, Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Judge N. P. Conrey, Homer P. Earle, Walter A. Edwards, J. M. Elliott, H. Bert Ellis, J. E. Fishburn, Frank P. Flint, John H. Francis, Lee C. Gates, Herbert J. Goudge, Thos. A. Graham, John R. Haynes, W. H. Holabird, G. Holterhoff, Jr., Stoddard Jess, H. Jevne, Rt. Rev. Jos. H. John-



Perennial Treasurer Louis F. Vetter



Perennial Secretary Fred L. Alles

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

NO fewer than twenty-two conventions are in session here this week with upward of fifteen thousand delegates in attendance. Of course, the American Medical Association holds first place in the public eye, but there are about a dozen other organizations of physicians and surgeons also in conclave. The American Nurses' Association and two other organizations of the sisterhood readily account for the presence of more than a thousand nurses. Moreover, last week, the Pan-American Medical Congress, the Homeopaths and Eclectics were deep in deliberations and diagnosis. The most sensational subject discussed by the first named body was a case of Ppopeumopericardium, which was explained, for the benefit of the laity, to mean a miniature waterfall near the heart. But, happily, the disease is as yet exceedingly rare. The eclectics condemned Twilight Sleep, finding it particularly dangerous for blonde mothers, but the homeopaths commended it.

Among the enlightening subjects of popular interest to be aired by the American Medical Association is a new discovery of a method "of weighing the human head and its contents while still attached to the body." This sounds like an eminently humane and useful operation, and undoubtedly will be endorsed by the anti-vivisectionists.

There are 210,722 names in the city directory, just published, as against 207,346 in last year's compendium and showing an increase of 50,002 over that of 1907. The work of compilation was concluded in March, with a view of excluding the large number of transient employes and visitors at the Exposition.

A. M. Mortensen, traffic manager for the Exposition, predicts a daily influx of 4,000 visitors during the next ninety days, basing his estimate on the replies to telegrams he sent to twenty-five of the leading passenger agents and to numerous tourist bureaus. From one of the New York lines came the report that it had now booked 135 special trains, most of them in August. Mortensen's experience is that the average visitor stays fifteen days in the state and spends a week in San Francisco. His sanguine estimate of the tide of travel is confirmed in an interview with John J. Byrne who was here last week and said: "Especially during July will there be a true avalanche of visitors. All of the so-called 'organized' business—conventions and so on—is beginning to move now. The same kind of thing characterizes all expositions. Chicago and St. Louis both had the same effect on the railroads; it was in the vacation months that the tide of visitors set in in earnest, and it increased day by day, cramming up the railroads. The people travel by the calendar, as San Francisco and the exposition will experience."

It was expected that the Labor party would make its choice of a candidate for mayor at a meeting of the Union Labor central committee Saturday night, but the committee contented itself with making nominations for five minor offices. P. H. McCarthy had announced that he would abide by the decision of the committee, but Andy Gallagher, reminding his friends that he had sacrificed his ambition several times in the past, declared his intention of making a campaign with or without the endorsement of the committee. The meeting was held in executive session, but it is said that the friends of Eugene Schmitz developed unexpected strength.

John Francis Neylan's investigation of the drug traffic in this city, which was conducted with a considerable flourish of trumpets and promised a political sensation, collapsed with a dull thud when Collector of Internal Revenue Scott took the witness stand and demonstrated that the complaining witness, Inspector Sutherland, was an entirely unreliable person. The net result of the investigation was that Sutherland promptly lost his job.

With a registration of more than 4,000 students, the great popularity and value of the summer school of the University of California, which began its sixteenth annual session this week, are demonstrated. There is a special staff of professors and lecturers, exceeding 200 in number and including many well known specialists from Eastern universities. The great increase in attendance is attributed to the Exposition which is to be utilized so far as possible in the study courses. The department of household economics which, this year, has a larger enrollment than any other, includes in its course frequent visits

to the Exposition. A faculty of sixteen specialists in this department will instruct students in the arts of Cookery, home decoration, costume designing, "housewifery," and "the art of buying household provisions at a profit." Truly, the scope of the down-to-date university is limitless.

Through the generosity of J. C. Cebrian, one of the greatest Spanish scholars is being brought to the coast to lecture at the summer session in the person of Adolph Bonilla y San Martin, professor of literature and philosophy in the University of Madrid. His subject will be an interpretation of the genius of the Spanish race, and his six weeks' course of lectures will include a review of the masterpieces of the literature of Spain from the sixteenth century.

One of the hardest of hard-luck stories is told by Father Helliet in his suit against the Pacific Coast Steamship Company for \$25,000 damages. The padre returned the other day from the Fiji Islands where he has been a missionary for thirteen years. He brought with him a collection of manuscripts, photographs and ethnological data which were to comprise a book he intended to publish on the Roman Catholic missions in the Fiji Islands, the fruit of thirteen years' research and labor. A day after his arrival here he returned to the ship for his trunk, only to find that its contents had been rifled and his manuscripts and data thrown into the bay as valueless.

Camille Saint Saens' fame and picturesque personality proved a greater attraction at the premiere of his composition "Hail California" given at Festival Hall, Saturday, than the composition itself. The majority of the critics seem to agree that it is hardly worthy of the veteran's art and reputation.

San Francisco, June 23.

Congreve's Contemptuous Retort

One of my esteemed readers of the "browsing" with Congreve, recalls an anecdote told by John O'Keeffe in his "Recollections" (1826) as follows: "On the first night of the representation of his last play, 'The Way of the World,' the audience hissed it violently: the clamor was loud, and originated in a party, for Congreve was a statesman and a placeman. He was standing at the side of the stage, and when the uproar of hisses and opposition was at its height, he walked on, (the first and last time this poet ever stood before an audience), and addressed them thus: 'Is it your intention to damn this play?' The cry was, 'Yes, yes! off, off.' and the tumult increased in violence. He again obtained a little silence, and said, 'Then, I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned!' And walked slowly off. It is to be hoped that celestial mercy, in every instance, prevented the second part of his speech; but the first has been amply verified; 'The Way of the World' is still on the stage, is frequently acted, and as great a money-drawer as any of his comedies—and what comedies are better than Congreve's?"

Work for Dr. Powers

Where do second-hand dealers get their goods? A sanitarium, for tubercular patients, in the foothills, recently went out of business, and the furniture and bedding were all sold to a Los Angeles second-hand furniture man, without fumigation. I suggest that Dr. Powers get on the track of the too enterprising dealer who carted off the disease-carrying household articles.

To a Dancer

Pirouetting
Round the setting,
Wing-ed butterfly of gauze.
Whirling lightly,
Built so slightly,
Passionate, breathless,
Each wing restless,
As you flutter to a pause.
Scintillating,
Palpitating,
Dream of motion, fairy tread!
Evening dusk,
Morning musk,
Sunset kiss'd,
Dawn's gray mist,
Gossamer veils wreath 'bout your head.

Child of sunlight, moonlight, starlight,
Radiant Spirit of the air,
Dust our weary hearts with pollen
From your purple wings and hair.
—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON

Springtime in a San Diego Canyon

I took my soul for a walk today,
Into the canyon, rife with May,
And the host of happy living things
With blade and bud, with feet and wings,
With tang and taste and color fair,
Were ripe for revelry everywhere.

Where yellow mustard's mystic charm
Enthalls the meadows, arm in arm
My soul and I went soft and shy,
With a dream grown great and a hope grown high;
The mustard quivered and showered for me
Largess of gold gleaned warily;
And the sunlight caught in a golden sieve
Was warm as the kisses sweethearts give.
Through legions wonderful did I go,
A poor little lover to and fro,
With upflung arms too short to reach
The heights of bloom that my hopes beseech—
And all too little my hands could hold,
But my soul has gathered the topmost gold!

Into the sycamore shade I pass
Where briefly green is a little grass,
Whose glory lent to our Western spring
Is background bright for our burgeoning.
Mine eyes would peer through the bending boughs
Where gnarled knots, like our whys and hows
Have turned those mighty branches out
And in again and round about.
I cannot clasp the mighty girth—
But my soul can see in this child of earth
The year of drought and the year of flood,
Of the shattered bough and the withered blood.
Yea, even though eyes could never bring
A vision clear for such visioning,
The spirit has power to climb and see
The secret hopes of the twisted tree.

And underneath, where the blossoms drop
And whirl away in a rush and stop,
In rollicking rapids, in eddies clean,
Where the rains rush down from the hills, are seen
The little grey fish with limber bones,
In the brook that chuckles across the stones,
Though my lips may drink of the laughter clear
That leaps and plunges and eddies here,
Though my feet, unclad like a child's be wet
In the freshet, lips and feet forget;
But the soul of me makes merry anew,
Is one with the laughter through and through.

Gay Indian pink and larkspur grave,
And the monkey-flowers in their coral brave,
And the deep phacelia, solemn strange
Are as friends through loving interchange;
The meadow lark blithe and the linnet hale,
And the mocking bird and the whirring quail
Have word and melody, eloquence
That is ravishing sweet to human sense.
But never a sound could I understand,
Till my soul and I went hand in hand,
And the joy of flowers was a closed book,
Till the spirit went out with me to look.

Where the host of happy living things,
Grown lusty, break from their coverings,
And mad with life, burst all their bands,
It is only the soul that understands;
And a mighty oast in me is stirred—
And I am a flower, and I am a bird.
For only a spirit hither come
By tortuous ways to a wondrous home
Has part and lot in the birth of life,
In the blossoming hope and the breeding strife.
One reveller lost in a carnal spring
Would scarce find room for the joy I bring—
But I am one joy in a joyous whole,
When I walk abroad with my comrade, Soul!

—MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Breaking in a Cartoonist

Many and diverse are the editorial expedients at times found necessary in getting out a newspaper, but the limit has probably been reached by the Pasadena Daily News, where I understand the erstwhile cartoonist, Howard Wookey, was called from his artistic labors to write the society column. This unfortunate state of affairs followed the sudden decision of Lillian Rosenthal that she would prefer acting as a cowgirl on her father's North Dakota ranch to writing of Pasadena functions. I am informed that on the same day in the much harassed city room of the News the messenger boy was turned into a headline writer between his trips outside for telegraph copy.

By the Way



Entertaining Realty Delegates

I can well understand why the delegates from the National Realty Exchanges are loth to present the claims of their respective cities for convention honors after the wonderful week just passed in Los Angeles. More than one delegate told me that no other city in the country could have given the visitors so unexampled a time as Los Angeles has done. Under the vigorous leadership of President Will Mines of the local realty board—he is restless energy personified—ably seconded by masterful lieutenants, the hosts have given their guests what I may describe as “the time of their lives,” for no expense has been spared and no trouble shirked. At the Shrine Auditorium, Monday night, with Harry Culver in charge, the local members vied with one another to impersonate with fidelity the characters of “Hangtown,” a mining camp in the days of '49. To see staid citizens like “Dad” Bryan, Lute Bradford, George Dickinson and a host of younger men in costume was proof enough of the fine spirit existing in the realty board. Colonel Garland as a Quaker minister was a bizarre figure. But Herbert Cornish as a tramp was easily the most grotesque. Morgan Adams had a capital makeup as an English tourist, and Walter Story as a gentleman gambler could hardly have been improved upon. And the women! Carroll Stilson in blonde curls and a fetching gown of the early '50's was a scream. Bruce Macneil was equally fascinating, and Volney Howard—but, alas, when the unfeeling population of Hangtown stripped him of his apparel, so that a linen duster would have been a gift from heaven, my heart bled at the indignity. Bruce was similarly treated but the canny Carroll hid him to the gallery, made a quick change and escaped violation of feelings. One of the most interesting as well as interested spectators I saw on the floor was former United States Senator Cornelius Cole, in his ninetieth year, escorted by his son Schuyler. Senator Cole was of the first party that entered Sacramento in '49 and his recollections of early days there are still vivid. He is certainly a wonderful character.

Chester Place Lawn Party

Contrast the Monday night frivolities with the charming social event of Wednesday evening when so much of the best that is in Los Angeles acted as hosts and hostesses, supporting the Los Angeles Realty Board, and attended the lawn party in Chester Place, made possible by the gracious courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence Doheny. The affair was in charge of Col. W. M. Garland, with Richard Schweppe and Arthur Dodworth as his active assistants and right well did they acquit themselves. The artistic lighting effects, the picturesque tables of fruit—free to the guests—the delightful refreshments, amply provided, strolling singers, and special talent exhibited in the dancing of Ruth St. Denis, Eleanor Pierce and the Faulkner sisters combined to render the evening a memorable one. A great triumph was the street dancing by the guests over the slippery cornmeal surface that proved a complete success. With Mrs. Garland as hostess in charge, assisted by Mrs. Mines and a hundred other representative women, the affair was an unprecedented satisfaction, notable in the social history of the city.

Garland Explains Progressivism

It was at the luncheon Tuesday, at the Alexandria, that the genius of President Mines shone. The table, which filled the main banquet hall, was set to represent a reclaimed desert, with miniature orange orchards, prosperous ranches, townships and a complete irrigation district portrayed, including running water. A distinct feature was the center piece, a glass fountain with iridescent lights that fairly dazzled the eyes of the admiring guests. On all sides of this panoramic display the fortunate three hundred were assembled and did full justice to a delightful menu. At the head of the table, on the right and left of President Mines, sat those sterling comrades, General

Harrison Gray Otis and Publisher Edwin T. Earl, thoughtfully separated by a score of seats. It was a vast treat to note their respective countenances when Col. Garland explained the difference between the real progressivism of Los Angeles and the political kind that has been responsible for many isms and schisms that have afflicted city and state of late. As the speaker warmed to his theme the general's features fairly beamed while, in inverse ratio, Publisher Earl's face took on a somber and forbidding cast. Not even when all rose to toast “Our California” did the indignant Edwin get to his feet. I fear that he took the colonel's remarks as a personal thrust. When the fair spectators in the gallery came in for notice the task was delegated to the doughty general to pass out the compliments, and I am bound to say he acquitted himself gracefully. What with the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday events noted, the Mission Play attendance, with John McGroarty as host, trips to the orange groves and sea shore, a dash to Catalina and a windup at San Diego, the week has been an eventful one and in every way worthy of the realty board and of Los Angeles. I understand that Secretary Phil Wilson is planning to sleep two weeks at a stretch, beginning tonight.

Torturing the Name of Los Angeles

I suppose I have heard upward of a dozen speeches and addresses this week, made to the visiting realty exchange delegates, and in one instance only was the name of Los Angeles properly pronounced. It is amazing to me that men who have lived here so many years, who are highly intelligent and even cultivated business and professional men, fail to pronounce correctly the name of their city. Invariably, the speakers have talked of Loss Angeles! Isn't it awful, Mabel?

Prettyman a Scamp and Crook

It may be of interest to Chairman Snowden of Mr. Whiffen's late campaign committee to know that H. E. Prettyman, who makes serious charges against him in connection with the hiring of election day workers is utterly unreliable and of worse than dubious reputation. I am in position to state that he is a scamp and a crook and will cheerfully prove my assertion if called upon to do so in court or out of it.

Senator Phelan Returns a Compliment

When the United States senatorial campaign was at its height last fall and Hon. James D. Phelan was in this city, the leading spirits of the Woman's Democratic Club combined to entertain their candidate at luncheon at the California Club. Wednesday, the senator-elect returned the compliment by acting as host to his former hostesses at a most delectable luncheon at the same club, with about eighty guests seated at he right-angled tables. The affair was in charge of Mrs. McCan, assisted by Miss Mary Foy, and when Mrs. McCan was called to her feet she gave an amusing account of the way the invitation list grew. It seems that in San Francisco last week, the senator suggested the banquet and asked Mrs. McCan to arrange it for him. From San Diego, Sunday, he began wiring a list of names to be included and on the way to this city from Del Mar, he added more as his memory jogged him. However, the response was prompt and a delightful hour resulted. Senator Phelan paid a graceful tribute to his former hostesses in his customary polished manner and half a dozen guests made brief responses. It was a felicitous occasion.

Proving the Artistic Temperament

Mode Wineman, maker of wonderful out-door photographs, musician and dilettante, has proved that his artistic temperament is equal to the demands on it in other directions. At Coronado, for example, where he has been hobnobbing all winter with the debonnaire manager, John J. Hernan, he turned his talents to the depiction of polo playing in text and photograph. As a result his combination descriptions have been greatly sought in the east where discriminating managing editors have vied for his output. Mode was in the city this week but blew back to the Spreckels caravansary after a two days' sojourn. In the fall he will go to Chicago visiting later on the Atlantic Coast.

Saving the Efficiency Commission

For three days in succession George I. Cochran of the civil service commission proved his interest in civics by giving his valuable time to the sessions of the city council's special committee appointed to examine into the work of the efficiency commission. His practical demonstrations of efficiency as practiced in the prosperous insurance company which he heads made a deep impression on the skeptical councilmen who, coming to scoff,

metaphorically remained to pray, by recommending that the work of the commission be continued with an increase in the membership. The community is under obligations to Mr. Cochran for his missionary work. It would have been a distinct blow to good civics if the non-believers of the council had prevailed, and in converting them to the faith Mr. Cochran was no unimportant factor. By the way, it is en regle to address the president of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company as “Dr.” Cochran. On his desk the other day he found an envelope marked “important” and opening it hurriedly learned that he had been invested with the degree of LL.D. for academic work begun years ago in college and only lately completed. I believe Lee Phillips was the first to propound a knotty scientific problem for Dr. Cochran to solve.

Hollywood's Admirable Librarian

Hollywood people were greatly entertained by the illustrated talk on European conditions given them Wednesday evening at the Hollywood Public Library by Mr. George Watson Cole, who with Mrs. Cole has recently returned from a two years' sojourn in Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy and the Balkans. Mr. Cole, who was formerly state librarian of New Jersey, and one of the best American bibliographers, gathered much valuable information while abroad. This he adroitly imparted, pictorially setting forth the important places named. The degree of interest displayed may encourage Mr. Cole to repeat his talk in the near future. The Hollywood Public Library, of which Mrs. Jones is the capable librarian, has been the center of much excellent work of late in the line of free addresses. A good example of this was seen in the talks of Mr. Reginald W. Pole on the Shakespearean drama. I extend felicitations to the Hollywood literati on the acquisition of their able librarian. She is much more than a mere distributor of printed matter.

New Band Stand is a Lulu

“Certainly, this is a duty, not a sin,” said John Wesley, and so say I. Out at Exposition Park a new bandstand is nearing completion, a sad affair. It is difficult to reconcile the thought of melody with so much tawdriness. Aside from two heavy cement figures, the work of Carlo Romanelli, which are to represent woman and music, and to ornament the right and left wall ends, there are cement urns at the lower pedestal bases which I am informed are to contain growing plants. Thus in the picture created in the mind's eye is a feeling of overcrowdedness. In actuality, it is even more trying, for melody to be properly appreciated must come to the ear in subtle, dulcet tones. And how can it when it must wander through such a mass of plaster construction? The cove serving as ceiling for the structure is composed of three-foot, octagon-shaped panels with rosettes from eight inches in depth, where they start, to two inches where they finish in the upper panels. I wonder what the sound will be like when oscillated against these concrete substances? To add to its other impossible features, the inner cove is to be painted in the latest Italian renaissance color scheme, with deep blue as the central motif. Wow! Simple Ionic columns strung together with thin plaster beams, with a concave dome, would at least have given the appearance of the aesthetic. Hurray for our art standard and for the 1915 General Committee, the Music Committee, the Playground Board and the Park Commission!

Sunset Bachelor Turns Benedict

There was one member absent from the Sunset Club's twentieth anniversary meeting Friday night “for cause.” I refer to Judge M. L. Graff, generally regarded as a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor but who, Wednesday evening, was made a benedict by Bishop Johnson, when the attractive Miss DeGan, an accomplished musician of this city, became his bride. “Judge” Graff—as his associates are wont to call the able lawyer—is a man of culture, of widely traveled experience and scholarly attainments. His friends at the Country Club had noticed his great attentiveness of late to an interesting young woman on the golf links but knowing the judge's chivalrous nature and “bachelor” proclivities, no hint of the real situation was conveyed. His fellow Sunsetters join in hearty felicitations.

German Consul is Wrathful

Recruiting for the English army is being carried on in San Francisco, is the complaint of the German consul at that city. How many notices to report at once did he send out to German reservists in the early days of the war, the expense of the travel to be paid by his government? is perhaps an impertinent question.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

At its last concert of the season, at Trinity, Tuesday night, the Ellis Club was greeted by an audience larger than customary. Satisfactory seats were at a premium by eight o'clock. And this was in spite, or was it because, of the fact that the numbers comprised repetitions of those previously presented by the club. The program was originally arranged for the appearance of the club at the San Francisco exposition, which trip, I understand, has been abandoned. The choral numbers were "Drontheim," (Protheroe), "Secret Love," (Old Folk song), "Idylle Mongolianna" (Stevenson) "Farewell of Hiawatha"

Proctor and Ingraham and especially Clifford Scott in incidental solos, added varied interest to the evening of music.

In its final concert of the season, last week, the Lyric Club was particularly fortunate in its soloists, Cecil Fanning, Charles O. Bassett and Willy Smyser, a member of the club. This was the first time Mr. Fanning had been heard in public concert in Los Angeles, though he had sung at the Gamut Club and a few other places. He has a beautiful baritone, thoroughly controlled, except for a rather continuous vibrato, and sings with unusual clarity of enunciation

Fanning took the role of the Prince. Mr. H. B. Turpin accompanied Mr. Fanning and Mrs. Hennion Robinson made her usual success in accompanying the club.

Choruses offered by the Lyric Club gave considerable variety. "The Golden Prince" of Hadley's, mentioned above, was the most pretentious work—pretentious is the correct word. The idea of the text is taken



RALPH ERROLLE, HEROIC TENOR



MARCELLA CRAFT, PRIMA DONNA

(Foote), "The Desert" (David). The first, fourth and last of these numbers were of heavy caliber, while of the others the folk song is sentimental and the Stevenson number embodies artistic humor. The "Desert" was here given for the fourth or fifth time by the club, and it is always welcome, though the orchestra at this time was less effective than formerly. The soloist was Miss Eva Mylott, contralto, originally of Australia, now of New York. Miss Mylott has a delightful, well-rounded, voice, handled with discretion and she was adequate in all she undertook—four short songs and the "My Heart" aria from "Samson and Delila." Miss Mylott is one of the most effective soloists the club has had, and it has presented a long array of finished artists in its many years of concerts. Hobart Bosworth in "Desert" text, Misses O'Donoghue and Flint at the piano, and Messrs.

and feeling for dramatic values. With six of his Lyric Club songs German and French, it was left for two rather unimportant numbers and one encore ballad to demonstrate his English. And from these his auditors, possibly not ten per cent speaking German or French, inferred what he might do with equally dramatic numbers in English. Mr. Fanning makes delightful use of the "mezzo voce" at times and always is the consummate artist. The club repeated Mr. Bassett's "Capri chorus—I think I have heard it sing this before—with the composer taking the tenor obligato solos. It is a rather saccharine song, and was repeated on demand. Mr. Bassett has a pleasant tenor voice, a little overworked as to compass in his number. Miss Smyser was appropriately placed in singing the part of "The Swallow" in Hadley's "Golden Prince." In the latter number, Mr.

from Oscar Wilde. It is a fantastic thing and not any too happy in its musical setting. The choral sections are more attractive than the solos and as a whole it is too lengthy for the interest it excites. Two quasi-Persian numbers, a "Persian Serenade" by Mathews and "The Gateway to Ispahan" by Arthur Foote, were as good as anything offered, and the new chorus, "Come Dance and Sing," by Freida Peycke, had a tuneful lilt which pleased the audience mightily. Miss Peycke is a member of the club and sang in the chorus. Mr. Poulin obtains beautiful effects in shading from his hundred women members and must be given a large portion of the praise due awarded at each successive concert.

Musical Los Angeles is in a ferment of excitement this week, especially the feminine section of it, over the open-



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ing of the Biennial Convention of Music Clubs. With the coming of the official train from Chicago and other eastern points, Sunday night, the officers of the federation were on the ground. The business meetings of the national board began Monday morning at the Alexandria to continue there and at the Gamut Club for ten days. Reports of the various sections were first heard and work was begun on the revision of the by-laws of the organization. Thursday morning, at the Gamut Club, the first session of the convention was held, opening with an address of welcome by Mrs. W. H. Jamison, vice president for the Western Section, responded to by Mrs. Julius Kinney, national president. Thursday afternoon a session was devoted to American music with addresses by Mrs. Jason Walker, F. W. Blanchard, Charles F. Lummis and E. R. Kroeger. In the afternoon a program of chamber music was given by the Brahms quintet and in the evening a general reception was held at the Alexandria. Friday was devoted to a hearing of the music of the Los Angeles public schools, at the Shrine auditorium and today the general musical programs begin.

Fred W. Blanchard has been made an honorary vice president of the Federation of Musical Clubs, in recognition of his long and arduous labor toward the presentation of "Fairyland" at the current session. He was decorated with the gold insignia of the

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



Cheaters

VIEWED from the purely enjoyable standpoint "Jerry," this week's offering at the Mason, with Billie Burke in the name role, is a scream. Considering it as a veracious offering, however, is another matter. Catherine Chisholm Cushing, who "fitted" Miss Burke with this play, is a fine seamstress so far as effects are concerned, but like a gown built for a season's enjoyment, it would not do for those who count the stability of wear and tear an asset. Miss Cushing has written a "smart" role—not a play. Marionettes are interesting in a marionette theater, where they belong, but as the "setting" about which a "high light" can revolve they fail, in that they are a note of monotony. Such are the author's characters who merely scintillate as wraith people, much as ghosts must, creating only an impression. Jerry's lines are refreshing. They burst on one and submerge even the most definite blue streak for the time being, and you come away as new made as if from a sabbatical rejuvenation. Billie Burke is Jerry to the core. No scintilla of her is forgotten by this naive, clever and understanding actress. Miss Burke has been a favorite long, but she has "come back," so to speak, in "Jerry," if that were necessary. In "The Poor Little Rich Girl"—another lady-made construction—the same theme-thought—the child and the modern, vain, unsympathetic mother—was the hub about which the wheel rotated. That play was a sermon, and until the final curtain had fallen and we were on our way home we had not realized how we had been taken in. Strange how frequently the feminist mind seeks to present this thought. It must be a necessity else it would not out. Perhaps, this comedy fails as a play because "Jerry" is so pertinently a minx in conceit. Young women are modern, more's the pity, but let us hope they are not quite so forward as "Jerry." Her cleverness is of a negligible quality, and one fears the consequences of this element upon the young misses who witness the performances. Briefly, Jerry's aunt, Joan, played a trifle too hysterically by Selene Johnson, has been the affianced bride of "Monty" Wade—depicted by Shelley Hull, who only at times measures up to the requirements of the part—for twenty years. The "great day" has been put off time and again, when Jerry returns from school and in four short weeks turns things topsy turvy by determining to have "Monty" for her very own. Peter, portrayed by H. Lawrence Leyton, a discriminating person, has hung on Joan's sleeve, so to speak, for those twenty years, and mother, Alice John, who makes "Harriet" a silhouette of fine comedy tendencies, though she appears to be a discard, has tried to tell Joan how much Peter has cared. All meet up with the "intuitive" however, and the loosened strings are tied in the end. Thomas Reynolds' "Briggs" is well drawn and comely and William H. Sams and Edwin Birch are mere incidents, as the doctor and chauffeur. "Jerry" is in four acts, but might well be cut to two.

Kolb and Dill at the Morosco

There is a large company of faithful ones, hereabouts, who are always ready to gather and laugh with Kolb and Dill. Surely, they should receive more of a reward than "This Way

Out" affords at the Morosco this week. If the piece could begin somewhere along in the second act, the entertainment would be quite up to old standards. The first act, in front of a circus tent is an awful drag, with one brilliant exception, Miss Eva Fallon. As Little Billie, the pet of the circus, she does her dive from the top of the big tent straight into one's good graces. Her voice is pleasing and with every swish of her dainty abbreviated little skirts she wins the warmest approval. The entertaining of Kolb and Dill can always be relied upon. It is good, innocent slap stick fun, with the inevitable play on words and narrow escapes from an awful death. (One rather wonders, if the German comedian will find a place in the hearts of the coming generation). Time was when Kolb was wont to please with his light and graceful dancing, now except for a few gyrations, as a giraffe, he does not favor his many admirers. The women of the cast are excellent. Nana Bryant as Kate Greenway of Chicago sings well and fairly sizzles with efficiency. More fault is to be found with the men. Except for the two comedians and the Chinese servant of Thomas Rolfe, they are uniformly mediocre. The comedy prize fight affords enjoyment for the veteran announcer, Billy Jordan. He is remembered by many at that last real fight he announced, up Reno way. Or was it a real fight? You who journeyed northward and put your money on the White Hope answer. Miss Fallon's "Sprinkle Me With Kisses," and the "Joan of Arc" song of Miss Bryant are the best of the music. A little more of Kolb and Dill then and less of their rather inefficient support will be appreciated.

"Elixir of Youth" at the Burbank

"Baby Mine" has a twin sister and "Seven Days" a triple brother in "The Elixir of Youth," the farce comedy playing at the Burbank and again affording the company opportunity to exhibit its diversity of talent. This fact is pertinently recalled by the setting which occupied that stage a week ago. The play is not new and the credible performances given for nine weeks, two years ago, are a pleasant memory of that season. The cast is, with few exceptions, changed. Zellah Covington co-author with Jules Simonson portrayed Dr. Relyea, a part which receives exquisite rendering from Frank Bacon, who was brought west for the production; Forrest Stanley, as he was two years ago, is a most acceptable Phillip Stanton, and one much prefers him in this role to that he attempted last week in "Willie Hewes." Marjorie Rambeau, while she enjoys playing Sylvia, a part created by Beatrice Nichols, has not the opportunity for flexibility of emotion her many roles offer. Herschel Mayall did good work as the general, but Louis Bennison makes him one of his star characterizations. Lillian Elliott and Grace Travers again are respectively Mrs. Wellsmiller and Mrs. Vivert and Marcella is developed as Winifred Bryson sees her, a not too well-understood rendition, however. Selma Paley brings more action and more subtle handling to this part. James Corrigan's chief of police is a trifle askew and Mr. Applebee's Judge Sanderson is cleverly handled. These roles tell how one absent-minded dreamer, who hitched his

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3:30 Trinity Auditorium. Artists' Recitals. Tickets 50c.

8:15 Shrine Auditorium. Choral Concert; Ellis, Lyric, Orpheus Clubs. Tickets 50c and \$1.00.

Tuesday, June 29—2:30 Trinity Auditorium. Chamber Music Concert; Brahms' Quintet. Tickets 50c.

8:15 Trinity Auditorium. Artists' Recital; Mrs. Frank King-Clark, Cecil Fanning, Claude Gotthelf. Tickets 50c and \$1.00.

Wednesday, June 30—1:30 Trinity Auditorium. Congress Recital; Walter Spry. Tickets 50c.

3:00 Trinity Auditorium. Yvonne de Treville Concert. Tickets 50c and \$1.00.

8:30 Trinity Auditorium. L. A. Symphony Orchestra. Tickets 50c and \$1.00.

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wagon to a star and believed it had come to realization, disturbed the elements of several households and caused no end of hilarity by the ludicrous situations arising in consequence. "Baby Mine" treats of much the same incidents, but has not the virile cause or action as a foundation theme. One's jaws ache with the effect of continual oscillation—for now it is burlesque—again it is almost buffoonery—and at times it comes nigh to being bathos. One is certainly forced to give extravagantly of the lighter mood's attention.

Auburn Hair Winning at Orpheum

Red hair may not be an absolute requirement for great success in vaudeville but, certainly, Orpheum audiences have not been so captured by any single performer since the appearance of the auburn tressed Irene Franklin as they are this week by Marie Nordstrom, likewise of Titian pulchritude, who does "Bits of Acting" and nearly, if not quite sweeps headline honors away from Nat M. Wills, the happy tramp. Miss Nord-

strom's bits swing rapidly back and forth from the grave to the gay with the actress showing wonderful play in both and she leaves her audience with a message to enjoy "Just Today." Nat Wills has many new stories but the acrobatics of his tongue in his cheek are the same that have always assisted this popular comedian in getting his act "across." "It Doesn't Happen" does happen in the strong sketch by Channing Pollock which is presented by Madame Bessin with the adequate support of Robert Taber, John Harrington and Jerome Cammeyer. It is one of the best cast little plays that have been seen here in months. If Adelaide Hughes, dancer, would overcome the disagreeable habit of closing her eyes when facing her audience, she might be sure of a better reception. Adelaide dances with another Hughes who confesses on the program that his initials are J. J. The nimbleness of their toes loses most of its charm through the idiosyncrasy noted, of the woman. Total avoidance of the limelight might cure the defect. Charles Hoey and Harry Lee,

in Yiddish make-up, provoke laughs with clever parodies on late song successes. Richard Havemann's tigers, lions and leopards, holdovers from last week, continue to afford thrills, though when the largest tiger closes the act by affectionately licking his master's head the audience realizes that the growls have been superinduced. Other holdovers are Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven with their marriage set to dancing, and the Four Romanos, classical dancers.

Kolb and Dill Continue at Morosco

Since their first performance in "This Way Out" at the Morosco, the famous German comedians, Kolb and Dill, have enjoyed capacity audiences and their stay of one week has been extended because of the unusual de-

year, to be seen shortly in New York. The cast of principals for this new production, an adaptation of Elmer Harris' successful play, "Your Neighbor's Wife," and now to be known as "So Long Letty," is unusual. Earl Carroll, the famous lyric writer, has come to Los Angeles from New York and is furnishing delightful lyrics.

"Kindling" at the Burbank

One of the plays which helped make Los Angeles famous on the theatrical map was "Kindling" which enjoyed a successful run here. Manager Morosco will again present it at the Burbank theater beginning with the matinee Sunday afternoon, June 27. As Maggie Schultz, Marjorie Rambeau, who has played the role en tour with



ADELAIDE AND HUGHES, DANCERS AT THE ORPHEUM

mand for seats. This play enjoyed a run of eight weeks in San Francisco where it was regarded one of the biggest successes of years. Its features are numerous. The prize fight between Kolb and Dill in the second act with Bill Jordan, famous announcer, as referee, is considered one of the finest bits of comedy these experts have ever given, while Kolb's drink mixing performance is another of the big comedy numbers. In chorus, scenic equipment, costuming and principals the production is above anything ever given by these comedians. Nana Bryant, Eva Fallon and others of the cast have added new laurels since the beginning of the engagement at the Morosco, which gives the usual matinee performances Wednesday and Saturday. Beginning with the Monday matinee, July 5, Manager Morosco will present to the patrons of this theater, one of the most important productions of the

tremendous success, will be seen here for the first time, and Forrest Stanley will appear as Heinrich Schultz, her husband, a role created by Lon Beasley. As a special feature Ida St. Leon will play Alice. The cast for this production includes other favorites of the Burbank company. Among them Lillian Elliott as Mrs. Bates; Edmund Lowe, as her son; Grace Travers, Mrs. Burke-Smith, a wealthy charity worker; interne of a public hospital, and Rafferty and Donovan will be in the capable hands of Louis Bennison and James Corrigan. The production will be under the personal direction of Donald Bowles.

Coming Novelties at the Orpheum

Jovial and altogether delightful is Elizabeth Murray, who with the chameleon Mr. Hymack, will jointly headline the new Orpheum bill, opening with the matinee of Monday, June 28. Miss Murray is a dialect

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comedienne with decidedly original tendencies. In "Mme. Sherry" she shone in the name part; in "High Jinks" she made good, and in vaudeville she is no stranger, though for a long time absent. Mr. Hymack is a mystery. In full view of the audience, he appears correctly garbed, and changes form and color, seemingly with no aid from himself. How he accomplishes it is Mr. Hymack's own secret. Mary Elizabeth is also a mystery, more because of her identity than of what she does. Rumor has it that she is a New York society girl who ventured into vaudeville to escape being wearied by a round of gaiety in the social whirl of a great city. Mary Elizabeth has a budget of dainty songs and stories which do much to prove her a successful entertainer. The Kremka Brothers are not strangers here. Their eccentric and comedy acrobatic antics are always pleasing. The week also brings the return of Adelaide and Hughes, in their effective dancing number. Nat M. Wills, the happy tramp, in new material, Hoey & Lee, positively their last week, and Richard Havemann's wonderful wild animals are the holdovers. The usual orchestral concerts, and the Pathe twice a week motion views are also features. Soon to appear are the New York Fashion Show, headed by Peggy Hopkins, in fetching latest midsummer gowns and accessories; Mercedes, the mystery of the day, and, greatest of all, Nazimova in "War Brides," due here in July.

"1915 on Parade" at the Mason

At the Mason next week "1915 on Parade" is almost ready for production by the Knights of Columbus. It presents for the first time the workings of a large newspaper office with its busy reporters and story writers. Burlesque situations will arouse many a laugh. The musical setting of twelve numbers directed by Mr. Emil Bierman, late of the Red Widow Com-

pany, and eastern successes, promises to be a surprise which alone will make for success. A motion picture reel depicting a burlesque on the Movies entitled "Ten Knights in a Barred Room," is screamingly funny and is certain to please. The advance sale of tickets has been most gratifying. Tickets may be exchanged at the box office of the Mason Opera House on and after June 25 for any of the three performances, June 28, 29 or 30. Seats are selling at popular prices.

Special Performance Mission Play

Real estate men of United States in convention in Los Angeles passed Tuesday evening at a special performance of the Mission Play. They were taken to San Gabriel in a special street car and by automobile. All agreed the moonlight ride and the old pueblo by night was an exceptional sight in itself, but what most won their hearts was the Mission Play. They declared they have never seen anything like it—"that it beggared even a real estate man's descriptive powers." Their program was such that the delegates could not attend a regular performance, but so desirous were they of seeing the pageant drama that the poet-author John S. McGroarty and the players consented to the special performance. The crowd was so large that many could not be admitted. A special performance Tuesday evening will be given for the Alpha Chi Omega sorority which is holding its national convention in Los Angeles. Mr. McGroarty is planning to make the evening college women's night at the Mission Play. It should be an unique and interesting occasion.

"Devil's Daughter" at Millers

Theda Bara in "The Devil's Daughter," a sensational photoplay based upon the world famous operatic drama "La Gioconda" of Gabriele D'An-

(Continued on Page 16.)

Social & Personal

EXTREMELY simple in its appointments, yet notably artistic in every detail, was the wedding of Miss Louise Fleming and Mr. Ernest Duque, which took place Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, 2525 Wilshire boulevard. The decorations were attractively beautiful and were carried out in green and white. The ceremony, which took place in the drawing room, was performed by Bishop-elect Joseph H. Glass, D. D. The young couple, during the reading of the service, stood before a floral altar formed of white roses, ferns, lilies of the valley and orchids. A special feature of the wedding was the musical program, which was presented by Miss Felice Lyne of London, England, a singer of international fame. Miss Lyne, who with her mother has been visiting here as a guest of the Flemings, sang "Ave Maria," "The Birthday" and "Caro Nome." She was accompanied on the piano by Mr. Paul Eisler, who is in Los Angeles as assistant musical director of the prize opera, "Fairylane," to be presented in conjunction with the music convention here. The wedding marches and supper music were rendered by an orchestra. The bride was attractively attired in a gown of soft white satin, heavily embroidered in silver. Her bridal veil brought from Brussels by the bride upon her return from a trip abroad recently, was hand made and of Duchesse lace. It was caught in place by sprays of natural orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Margaret Fleming, sister of the bride, assisted as maid of honor. She wore a gown of white chiffon trimmed with silver lace, and carried a bouquet of Cecile Bruner roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Fleming's gown, a pale blue velvet chiffon, was heavily embroidered with brilliants. Miss Lyne wore a gown of pearl embroidered net made over a pale blue satin. Mr. Duque's only attendant was his brother, Mr. Gabriel Duque, who served him as best man. Following the ceremony a supper was enjoyed in the dining room, which was artistically decorated with lilies of the valley and pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Duque left for a six weeks' wedding trip and upon their return they will make their home temporarily with the bride's parents, until October 1, when they plan to leave for the San Felipe ranch at San Diego. Both Mr. Duque and his bride are exceedingly popular in the younger society set and their wedding, although simple in its plans owing to a recent bereavement, was of much interest to a wide circle of friends. Mr. Duque is the son of Mrs. Thomas L. Duque of 701 New Hampshire street.

Mrs. Dan McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. Leo S. Chandler and their two sons, have taken a cottage at Santa Monica for the summer season. They will move down to the beach cottage July 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick of West Twenty-eighth street, with their two sons, Jack and Nathaniel, Jr., and their little daughter, Elsie Jane, have gone to Hermosa Beach, where they will occupy a pretty seaside home for the summer months.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway of Menlo avenue upon the arrival of a baby boy. The little son has been christened Edwin Rowley Ridgway,

in honor of his maternal grandfather.

As a distinct and most delightful surprise to a number of friends invited to an informal garden party at their home, on Western avenue, announcement was made by Mrs. William Ramsay of the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, to Mr. Charles Reginald Blyth of San Francisco. The engagement follows a friendship of three years, the young couple having met when on a trip to Honolulu. Miss Ramsay is exceedingly popular in Los Angeles exclusive society circles, as well as in the north, where she has many friends. She is a graduate of Briar Cliff and has traveled much in Europe, having made the across-seas trip several times. She made her formal debut two years ago at a brilliant society affair at the Alexandria. Mr. Blyth, the groom-elect, is a graduate of Amherst college and is prominent in social and business circles of San Francisco. No date is announced for the wedding, but it is understood that it will be an event of the autumn, taking place at the home of Mrs. Ramsay, following which the young couple will make their home in San Francisco.

Lieutenant and Mrs. William Robert Munroe, U. S. N., will leave Monday, June 28, for San Francisco. They will be in the northern city about a fortnight. Lieutenant Munroe goes to San Francisco on an inspection trip in connection with the submarine flotilla, but the young couple will combine pleasure with the business journey and are planning a delightful sojourn there.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., with their little son, William A. Clark, III, and his playmate, William Strumm, have left for their summer lodge in Big Blackfoot county of Montana, where they will pass the summer months. Mrs. Joseph K. Clark plans to leave Los Angeles July 15 for Montana, where she will visit the W. A. Clarks, and also will be entertained at "Riverside," the beautiful country home of Mrs. Marcus Daly in the Bitter Root. Senator Clark also will pass a part of the summer season in Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason passed last week-end at San Diego, having motored down there Friday for the visit of three or four days.

Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of South Figueroa street has been enjoying a delightful visit in San Diego, the guest of friends. She also is being entertained by her daughter, Mrs. David H. McCartney, at the latter's home at La Jolla.

Dr. Walter Lindley with Miss Dorothy Lindley and Mr. Francis Haynes Lindley, sailed Saturday from San Pedro on an Alaskan cruise. They plan to be away about a month.

One of the most brilliant of the society affairs planned for next week is the tea which Mrs. Henry Sharpe Cheney of 1511 South Figueroa street will give Tuesday afternoon, June 29. The affair is in honor of Mrs. William Burnham of Kansas City, Mrs. Cheney's niece, who will be her house guest for a part of the summer season. More than one hundred and fifty invitations have been issued for this event, which will be followed by a number of other courtesies for Mrs. Burnham.

Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, Jr., entertained last evening at their home with an informal dancing party, the guests including a coterie of

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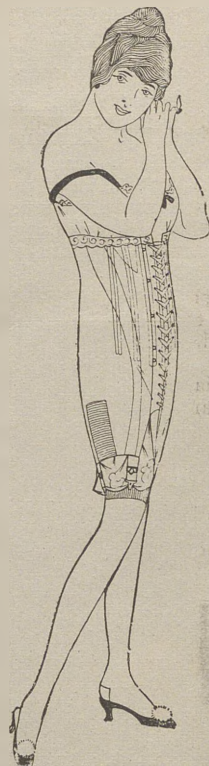
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friends who form a small dancing club.

Miss Louise Burke and her brother, Mr. Carleton Burke, entertained Sunday evening at their home in Berkeley Square, when several friends were invited in for a small, but artistically-appointed dinner party.

Mrs. Harry C. Turner, with Burnett Turner, Lucia Frances and baby John Stewart Turner, left the first of the week in company with Mrs. Turner's sister, Miss Theo Burnett, for Honolulu, where they will pass the summer. They will sail June 30 from San Francisco on the S. S. Wilhelmina, and in Honolulu will be guests of Mrs. Turner and Miss Burnett's brother-in-law and sister, Judge and Mrs. Sidney Ballou of Washington, D. C., who have a picturesque summer home in Honolulu. Upon their return in September, Mrs. Turner

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and Miss Burnett will be accompanied by Judge and Mrs. Ballou, who will continue their journey direct to the national capital.

Mrs. Alexander J. Mitchell was hostess Saturday evening at a delightful dinner party given in honor of her house guest, Miss Margaret Hughes of Denver. The affair preceded the Sunset Yacht Club dance at Hotel Virginia, and besides the guest of honor and hostesses, places were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. O'Leary, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lloyd-Jones, Mrs. Bri Conroy Kelley, Mr. Tim Brown, Mr. Harold Lane and Mr. Ward Dawson. Decorations were carried out in red, white and blue and the place cards bore the insignia of the Sunset Yacht Club. Miss Hughes, who is an attractive debutante of Denver, left Monday for San Diego for a visit of several days.

Two brilliant society affairs were given this week in honor of the delegates to the National Real Estate convention which has been in session here the last several days. The first of the social events was a luncheon given Monday at the Los Angeles Country Club in compliment to the wives and daughters of the visiting realty men. Those who presided at the tables were Mesdames Roland Bishop, C. G. Andrews, Richard Bishop, Philip D. Wilson, W. I. Hollingsworth, W. W. Mines, Harold Cook, Herman Janss, Leo Chandler, Walter P. Story, Raymond Stephens, Roy King, R. I. Rogers, Richard J. Schweppe, J. R. H. Wagner, E. A. McCarthy, R. A. Rowan, William May Garland, William H. Akin, Herbert L. Cornish, C. C. C. Tatum and Guy Rush.

Patronesses for the tennis ball to be given at Hotel Virginia, Monday in connection with the tennis tourney there, include Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, Mrs. H. W. Robinson, Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven, Mrs. M. E. Flowers, Mrs. Kent K. Parrot, Mrs. Reginald Lloyd-Jones, Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes, Mrs. Harry C. Turner, Mrs. Thomas Bundy and Mrs. Carroll Allen. The affair will be one of the most brilliant society events of the season and, if possible, will surpass any similar tennis ball ever given here.

Second of the affairs was the delightful garden fete given Wednesday evening in the beautiful grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence Doheny in Chester place. This elaborate affair was enjoyed by several thousand folk. Strolling bands of troubadours added a romantic touch to the event and furnished music for dancing. Mrs. William May Garland assisted by Mrs. William W. Mines was in charge of the reception committee, other patronesses included Mesdames: Michael J. Connell, F. W. Flint, Jr., Randolph Huntington Miner, Joseph F. Sartori, Russell McDonald Taylor, Harold S. Cook, Richard J. Schweppe, Frank Griffith, W. A. Clark, Jr., Walter Jarvis Barlow, Granville MacGowan, Rea Smith, Ernest A. Bryant, A. L. Cheney, J. D. Foster, Earl C. Anthony, Henry Carlton Lee, J. Kingsley Macomber, John G. Mott, William G. Kerckhoff, Godfrey Holterhoff, Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Robert A. Rowan, Edward Lawrence Doheny, Lawrence B. Burck, Guy Barham, M. F. Ihmsen, Robert Marsh, Philip L. Wilson, Walter Perry Story, Erasmus Wilson, Herman Janss, James H. Adams, Joy Clark, Herbert G. Wyley, Carl Leonard, J. Ross Clark, Artimisia S. Vermilion, George J. Denis, Thomas Lee Woolwine, C. Modini Wood, John Percival Jones, Oliver P. Clark, Howard Huntington, John B. Miller, Hugh Stewart, William R. Staats, Robert E. Hunter, J. A. Graves, Maurice Hellman, Stoddard Jess, Gail B. Johnson, W. D.

Longyear, Henry S. McKee, Benjamin E. Page, W. E. Ramsay, Edwin S. Rowley, J. E. Fishburn, J. J. Byrne, W. E. Dunn, William Brackenridge, William Irving Hollingsworth, Charles G. Andrews, Chester Montgomery, Harry Chandler, Willis H. Booth, Susanna H. Van Nuys, William T. Bishop, Thomas C. Bundy, E. P. Bryan, Leo S. Chandler, Edward M. Fowler, Harry G. Holabird, Sydney Wailes, Dean Mason, Guy M. Rush, J. R. H. Wagner, George W. King, Margaret Hughes, O. D. Bennett, William W. Johnson, E. P. Clark.

Two charming young visitors are being entertained just now at the home of their great grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Hughes of St. James Park. They are Miss Margaret Matlack of Mount Arey, Philadelphia, and Miss Katherine Sally Landell of Fort Lupton, Colorado. The young women arrived Tuesday and plan to pass the summer season here, visiting the two expositions before returning to their homes in the east. A number of delightful parties will be given in their honor while they are visitors here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of the Darby are receiving congratulations over the news sent them a few days ago, announcing the arrival of a tiny granddaughter, to be called Priscilla. The little maiden made her debut in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Metcalf of Providence, R. I., recently. Mrs. Metcalf will be remembered as Miss Lucille Clark.

Beautifully appointed will be the dancing party this evening with which charming Miss Marie Olivia McCoy and her brother, Dr. John Rush McCoy, will entertain fifty of their young friends at the home of their parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Craig McCoy, 445 South Harvard boulevard. The affair is given in compliment to three pretty young debutantes, Miss Agnes Wickfield Britt, Miss Mary Hughes and Miss Florence Johnston. Potted palms and pink hydrangeas will be arranged tastefully in forming the pink and green color scheme for decorating the home.

Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff of 1360 West Adams street and her daughter, Miss Leila Holterhoff, returned Tuesday from the East. Miss Holterhoff who has been studying music in Boston will remain through the summer with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, at the Beverly Hills hotel.

Mrs. George Wilshire of Fourth avenue with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Woolcott, left Tuesday for a fortnight in San Francisco and the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Davis of 25 Berkeley Square, returned Monday from a northern trip of several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes of 500 West Twenty-third street, are in the north where they are visiting the exposition.

Mrs. Everett H. Seaver of 629 South Harvard boulevard entertained yesterday with an informal bridge luncheon. Her guests including Mrs. O. W. Childs, Mrs. C. H. Sharp, Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mrs. A. C. Denman, Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard, Mrs. Bri Kelly and Mrs. Reginald Lloyd-Jones.

Mrs. Willis G. Hunt of 5 Berkeley Square entertained yesterday afternoon with a charming tea in compliment to her house guests, Yvonne de Treville and her mother, Mme. La Gierse of Brussels, who since the war have made their home in New York. Miss De Treville, has many friends in Los Angeles where she appeared in concert last year.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Jane Catherwood of the Fowler Apartments, 1110 West Washington

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"THE PROMENADE," MONOTYPE BY CLARK HOBART

By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

FOR several weeks we have had the privilege of enjoying Clark Hobart's forty odd monotypes at Exposition Park, and at present fifteen are part of an exhibition at the Friday Morning Club. They remain there for two weeks. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition twelve were the special choice for the Fine Arts Building where they are exhibited in a section by themselves. The entire collection is scheduled for eastern cities in the fall. Mr. Hobart's monotypes are interesting as they are rich in individuality of art motive. He creates them in the aesthetic enjoyment possible in the expression of imagistic figments, the fancy of his inward convictions. This quality he applies in combination with a delightful color sense, thus conceiving rare examples in this artcraft, a dead issue for some time. Their spontaneity in development is apparent, and one desires to return and look often upon them. Their cameolike relief impression is a tonic for one's sense of art values, as is also their romantic and picturesque presentment.

Mr. Hobart hails from Illinois and owes his first art inspirations to instruction received at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art in San Francisco. Quickened in his desires for self-expression he passed three years at the Art Student's League in New York and under George Bridgman and Robert Blum developed so rapidly that in 1900 he was commissioned to

create four panels for the Building of Ethnology at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The completed cartoons were accepted, but as there was a shortage of funds they were never executed. The following year Mr. Hobart became the assistant of Albert Herter and for a time aided him in developing many sterling murals. He next passed two years in Paris and on his return to this country became associated with the Burr McIntosh Monthly which he continued to edit for seven years. Of recent years he has lived in San Francisco and Monterey and is included among the men of note in the state. He is a member of the San Francisco Society of Artists and the Society of Etchers of California.

As I felt keenly that Mr. Hobart painted these quaintly depicted compositions because he delighted in doing so I questioned him concerning the future of this novel and interesting form of art expression. He was pleased to voice his opinions, and here they are: "Monotyping is an art with vast possibilities. Men such as Robert Blum, John Singer Sargeant, James McNeil Whistler, Frank Duveneck, Joseph Lauber, A. H. Bicknell and John W. Alexander have made monotypes successfully. The art, it seems, was revived by a Boston artist, Walker, and he named his discovery—a monotype. This was along in 1877, he having apparently no knowledge that there had previously been made similar transfers from a painted plate. His accidental discovery was made while proving a plate at his etching table and in the later portion of his life he devoted much time to this new method of expression. He used exceedingly large plates 36x48 inches and he prepared them only in black and white. James Nysmith, a Scotchman, who lived early in the nineteenth century, also claims to have invented the monotyping process. In fact, it appears to have been discovered seven or eight times to my knowledge by men in various art centers.

"Henri Guerard and Degas, the Frenchman made monotypes with variations, using the transfer as a basis for painting in different media. Castiglione, a Genoese, and a contemporary of Rubens and Van Dyke, was no doubt the earliest painter to have made monotypes. Among his prints were some which were classified as 'pieces imitating aquatint,' but we know them now as monotypes. Count Lepic, another French painter made monotypes by first etching the lines of his subject upon a copper plate and then covering them with paint, the lines not appearing in the print, and offering the doubtful advantage of preserving the drawing so that various effects might be successfully painted

over the same drawing. Some of the modern men employ practically the same method, now known as soft ground etching. I have spoken of the Walker habit of making very large plates. While these give great freedom for brush work, I personally prefer the plate of small dimensions as they afford opportunity for the jewel like quality inherent in the best monotypes, which require one to visualize their inspiration and render it upon the plate in the shortest possible time. The same knowledge is involved in the painting of a monotype as in executing an elaborate canvas as one cannot make fine monotypes until he has been through the mill and knows what drawing and color are. With understanding for the isms of the craft, and a fine stock of imagination he can go to it and make as many impressions as he chooses.

"In monotyping you suddenly get an idea, put it down and begin to see, as your composition grows under your brush, just what the complete picture will be, whereas the etcher can make his plate and prove it—then make his corrections and reprove it until he is confident he can say nothing more. This saying so much in a few short minutes and immediately making the one final proof is the difficulty in executing monotypes—and it is this factor which makes many hesitate in attempting their production. "The permanency of the monotype is frequently questioned. It is certainly equal to water color. Indeed, I believe it is more permanent because of the fact that the paint in its liquid state permeates the paper and as the medium is oil, and generally conceded to be more enduring, it is a better binder for the colors than the medium used in preparing water colors." Asked concerning the place of the monotype in art values Mr. Hobart said, "Of the minor forms of the graphic arts, to my mind, the monotype holds at least as important a place as mezzotints, aquatints or lithographs. In fact, my own personal feeling in the matter is that the monotype ranks first because of the spontaneity and freedom of expression possibly." A flight of Mr. Hobart's imaginings is "The Promenade" illustrating this page. It is individual and picturesque and as a tonal expression a thing of value. His canvases have this same at-oneness with his inner emotions. One remembers with pleasure his "Spring Song," a tonal symphony shown at the opening of the gallery at Exposition Park.

* * *

In the rearranged gallery at Exposition Park one comes upon many new and interesting canvases by local and contemporary California painters. Guy Rose's portrait of Lucretia Del Valle occupies a place of honor on

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Week of June 26 to July 2

Guy Rose—portrait of Lucretia DelValle—Museum Art Gallery.
Twenty odd canvases by California Painters—Museum Art Gallery
Allen Tupper True—panels for murals—Museum Art Gallery
Gerald Cassidy—two canvases—Museum Art Gallery
Hanson Puthoff—two summer mountain landscapes—Kanst Art Gallery, 854 South Hill
Special exhibition in honor Musical Festival—Friday Morning Clubhouse
E. W. Christmas, R. B. A.—thirty-two land and seascapes—Steckel Gallery.
H. Raeburn—Lady Vivian Alexander—A. A. Byren's Gallery, 836 South Broadway
Rare Japanese Prints—Bentz Art Shop, 213 West Fourth
Art Fabrics in cretonne and print textures at Raymond Gould's Shop, 324 West Fifth
Artist's Materials—Duncan Vail Company, 730-32 South Hill
Art Photographs for June brides in home surroundings—E. Martin Webb, 706 Majestic Theater Building
Tenuous landscapes in Rookwood panels—Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East Colorado, Pasadena
Interior decoration created for individual homes—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena

one-half of the east wall. While this composition has individual features in its splendidly handled shawl and lighting effects it is not so indicative of Mr. Rose's special gifts as many of his other canvases have shown him to us. The pose is natural and there is a quality of simplicity which I like. Edgar I. Keller has also a new conception on view. It is the first composition he has shown of California and is an interpretation of a brown mood. It presents "The Pueblo of Laguna" and is in a general consideration an interesting depiction. The modeling however of the silicate cliff at the left appears at a disadvantage, but we forgive him it for the splendid handling of the foreground right which is a most subtle note. Turf, sage brush and desert green bunch grass outline the moss strewn earth floor and the sunlight glows warm on distant foothills. John Hubbard Rich's portrait of Cornelia de Haff has fine feeling atmospherically, and must have good likeness qualities. Tonally, it is more subtle and expressive of the joy of production. I wish, however, that portrait painters in general would pay more attention to the modeling of the various members of their sitter's body. William Wendt's "The Brook" is a bit of spring in the canyon—and the brook flows on, running over into hidden places. His snow scene is a splendid canvas broadly and finely handled. An Innis, one of those shown earlier in the year, is also exhibited. This gives us the distinction until October of this year, of having on view more canvases by this artist than in any other city, with the exception of the Chicago Art Institute and the Metropolitan Museum in New York. We have seven to be hung from time to time.

* * *

Henriette Shore has an individual portrait study in "The Girl With the Black Cat." It is very Henriettesque in expression and is well attuned tonally and its color balance is carefully studied. Texture qualities are also well handled. Henry V. Poor's two canvases are of interest; one has already been reviewed and "The Children," just hung, is much the finer in many ways. The girl is a well thought out bit of work both as to modeling and conception. The children are evidently returning from a fishing excursion and are in a happy mood. "The Medicine Man" of Gerald Cassidy is a fine exposition of this type of Indian. By the way, we are to have a treat. Several weeks ago I spoke of his canvases recently sold and now the public is to have the privilege of seeing them before they go east to be part of prominent collections. They will be hung from June 29 to July 10 and are "Reflections" and "The Artist." C. P. Townsley is represented by his "Sunshine" reproduced herein several weeks ago and J. Duncan Gleason by "Grain Docks," a finely composed wharf scene. "Across the River" by Gardner Symons has unusually fine carrying qualities and is a French color scheme. Finely-modeled boats are a note of the foreground of a composition which while it really has not much to it, is yet, withal, interesting. Anne Bremmer of San Francisco has two, one has been seen and the other "In a Friend's Garden" while it has value as a color scheme does not exhibit much individuality in composition or handling. Maurice Braun shows his canvas we presented a week or so ago.

* * *

"Borderland," Hanson Puthoff's most recent canvas painted on tapestry cloth, is one of his very best both as to composition and handling. There is poetry of mood expressed and its tone sense is finely even and clear. The sky is its main note and the hot afternoon sun pervades in subtle shadows, earth and firmament. Jack Gage has four already shown and Helena Dunlap a snow scene, part of

her recent exhibition. Rob Wagner's "Father Sherman, S. J." has dignity and is impressive. Armin C. Hansen, Granville Redmond and Louis Hovey Sharp have canvases before exhibited. Jean Mannheim, despite the heavy brown tones of his "Connoisseur," has conceived a fine canvas, which though small has distinction and Louis Kronberg's "Preparing for the Dance" is well hung. Allen Tupper True's panels are interesting in that they tell a story. I like best that presenting winter in which one so strongly senses the feeling of the cold atmosphere. Man and beast and the elements show they are affected by it!

* * *

Last week I gave you enough of Mr. C. W. Christmas' exhibit to interest your attention. Now that his pictures are hung on the walls of the gallery at Steckel's I find them of such vital value, from an art sense, that I must enlarge my review by describing several others. From a point of delicacy in handling I can recommend "The Shore of an English Coast." It is painted in a high key and though a canvas has the subtlety of a water color. An electric sky, a clarity for water effects, with long shadows playing accompaniment to its ebb and flow, are notes of individuality. "New Zealand Pastures" is rich in a pearl grey sky, the portent of the uncertain day. A creek and group of cattle camping on the brink of a creek form the composition. A water color "California Oaks, Marin County" is most directly handled. The live oaks sing into a pastel sky and complete a composition which is pleasing. Another one of California's stretches is "Swamp Flats, Sausalito." This is painted on the way to San Francisco on the road to Mill Valley, reached at the base of Mount Tamalpais. The flats have fine moods of color in them, grays and purples and the wild sage silhouettes gracefully. "Rata Bloom, Franz Joseph Glacier, New Zealand" is one of the sights of that country's west coast. The snow runs up eleven miles on to peaks the highest of which is 11,000 feet. This composition shows the Tasmair Range on a summer afternoon. It is finely modeled and is fine in feeling of air and light. The sun depicts the refracted light found in snow shadows. "The Mid-Atlantic" painted while crossing from London to New York is an unusually fine canvas. The mountains of turbulent water said to have been affected by the wind traveling 100 miles an hour, is well modeled and good in action. Mr. Christmas tells me that while he was painting the water would at times cover the deck completely.

* * *

The board of directors of the Pasadena Music and Art Association is extending a invitation for a reception and private view of students' work of the Stickney Memorial School June 28 from 8 to 10 o'clock. The general public exhibition will open to the public from Tuesday, June 29 to Saturday, July 3 inclusive. The work may be seen from 2 to 5 p. m. daily.

* * *

Daguerrotypes and ambrotypes were a feature included in the splendid exhibition of old and modern miniatures held at the Ebell Club Monday afternoon. One miniature of particular note was that of the Queen of Hayti, a loan from Mrs. Ada Van Felt, whose grandfather, Captain Caleb Bickham Henry, received it as a memento from the king of that country while wintering there many years ago. It is an ivory set in a tortoiseshell cover, the lid for a snuff box of like material. Mrs. Charles Hoskins Guild had also one of especial interest, that of George Washington, painted after Peale by one of Gen. Washington's staff, and Mrs. Edwin Greble had several, each of great value. One executed by James Smith, a miniaturist of importance in 1829 is that of Mr. Greble's father, who was

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the first West Point officer to fall in the Civil War. Another by Herv Beetz of Dresden, a leading painter of the "little" on porcelain a decade or more ago, is a portrait of Mrs. Greble herself, while a third is of a princess of France seen with a gracefully draped veil over her head. The workmanship of this ivory is exceptional as is also that of Queen Marie Louise of Germany by an unknown artist. Among the more important daguerrotypes was that of Captain Stephen Barton, brother of the late Clara Barton, grandfather of Dr. H. P. Barton of the Clara Barton Hospital of this city and loaned by Mrs. H. P. Barton. Of the members of the California Society of miniatures represented there were the Misses Frieda and Alice E. Ludovici, Marie Frances Crowe, Miss Mary Harland, Miss Lida Price, and Miss Laura M. D. Mitchell. Others exhibiting were Martha M. Meskimen of Santa Monica; Ella Shepherd Bush, is a newcomer to Los Angeles with a studio out Sierra Madre way, who exhibited a miniature here of a lady of Cranford, New Jersey, shown at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts recently. Miss Bush is one of the pioneer artists of Seattle. Mr. Dogo F. Thomas of Baldwin Park and C. Albert Brown were also exhibitors.

* * *

At Kanst's on South Hill two new mountain landscapes by Hanson Puthoff are attracting much attention. They are recently completed compositions and show the splendid advance in the work of this artist. Mr. Kanst has just arranged with the class of 1884 of the Los Angeles High School for the purchase of one of Guy Rose's canvases, "The Quiet Pool" which is to be a gift to that institution by the members of that class.

Amateur Players Score Great Success

Local talent scored a distinct triumph Friday of last week when the Amateur Players presented their program at Gamut Auditorium. The Amateur Orchestra directed by Mr. Pasquale D. Nubila played the proper overture and incidental music, exactly like a professional performance, to the great enjoyment of the audience, which showed its appreciation by hearty applause. This enthusiastic body of players performs a labor of love in keeping itself in practice for public appearances. An orchestra is likely to be taken for granted as a sort of necessary trimming to a dramatic performance, but it should be borne in mind when the applause is going round, that finished musical numbers mean the same amount of faithful and devoted attention that the play on the boards has received.

Friday's dramatic program consisted of two one-act plays, "The Twelve-Pound Look," by J. M. Barrie, and "A Quiet Beat" by Ruth Comfort Mitchell and Alfred Allen. The cast of the first play was: Lady Sims by Mrs. Stott, Sir Harry Sims by Mr. Norwood Howard, Tombs, the butler, by Mr. Seaver, and Kate, by Mrs. Harry Van Dyke. The part was written for Ethel Barrymore, by Mr. Barry, and fits her like a glove, but so neatly did Mrs. Van Dyke assume the character that it might equally well have been written for her. All the charm and touch of humor, were present in Mrs. Van Dyke's interpretation and an astonishing ease and aplomb for a non-professional. Which only goes to show that the trained artistic sense—Mrs. Van Dyke is a painter—may choose any form of expression, and make no mistakes. Mrs. Stott was the complacent, obedient English wife

to perfection, enjoying her magnificent presentation gown with naivete. Her wistfulness at the end as she asks the price of a "machine like that"—meaning the typewriter of the capable, independent, self-supporting Kate, Sir Harry's ex-wife—was capably expressed in manner, a more trying test for an amateur than words. Mr. Howard was the prosperous, bullying English husband, never disturbed by doubts of himself and giving his little vanities free rein. Mr. Seaver as the butler, played a small part well.

"The Quiet Beat" was a "try-out" and Mr. Allen and Miss Mitchell (Mrs. Young) may congratulate themselves upon a success. The play "carried" and will doubtless find its place in the Orpheum circuit without delay. Mrs. Storrow as the blind street beggar, revealed remarkable dramatic talent. Her voice, her gestures, her instinctive sense of stage values, were of the professional type; there was no trace of the amateur. A young Italian woman, blind, deserted by a brutal lover who had enticed her only to mistreat her, has run away from him to protect her child and herself from infamy. She has taken the place of an old woman, who in return cares for the child. The German policeman on the beat—Mr. Will Dodd—sympathizes with her plight, volunteers to help her secure her license to beg, then leaves her, saying that it is such a quiet beat she is not likely to get much money in her cup. Of course, this is the playwright's cue; things begin to happen at once. The girl neatly and successfully stabs the renegade who comes slouching along recognizing her and threatening to compel her to return to the life she ran away from. This was another test for the amateur actor which Mrs. Storrow stood successfully. Rarely has a tragedy been culminated on the professional stage here, so skillfully and sincerely. Mr. Allen is to be twice congratulated, as writer, and conductor. Mr. Dodd's dialects seem all equally good and the police uniform is so fascinating he ought to be on a little square box at Fifth and Broadway! Mr. Mortenson as the "Man" took his death becomingly, not a gurgle too much, which is high praise. "The Dancers from Denishawn" were grace and beauty entire. When amateur actors discover that good dramatic performances mean hard work—and are willing to do it, nothing is more charming.

Books

WITH the translation for the first time into English of Maurice Donnay's masterpiece—is the similar—"They," English readers will now be able to form something like a just estimate of this dramatist who is not only one of the greatest authorities on love but also one of the leaders of French realism. The first impression the reader receives from "Lovers"—generally conceded to be Donnay's masterpiece—is the similarity between the Parisian's genius and that of Schnitzler, particularly of Schnitzler of "Anatol." These dramatists deal with the same class of society—a stratum which has altogether too much time on its hands and nothing better to do than to yield to the emotions. Neither depends upon plot to hold the reader's interest, but rather upon the interaction between the characters themselves; both are writers of brilliant dialogue; the two look upon the life they depict in much the same way—an amused, almost contemptuous attitude of superiority; and neither bothers himself nor the reader by pointing a moral. "Here is a phase of life," they both seem to say, "the play has shown it to you—what are you going to do with it?" Donnay's plays have that characteristic, which, in ordinary parlance, is termed "Frenchy" but which would more accurately be styled "Parisian." The author is outspoken in the extreme, calling a spade a spade without so much as a blush or an apology; but this frankness arises from no desire to be vulgar for that is furthest from the dramatist's mind. He is certainly not immoral; but the attitude is better described as unmoral because at no place does the author become a teacher of ethics or a dogmatist, his object being simply to paint a picture of a phase of life. As a result of this unmoral position, it is impossible to define the author's philosophy. The teaching, if any, is, briefly that a man or woman who demands, as a right, freedom in love is not rendered free by this liberty, but is still the slave of love or, if love has gone, is none the less the slave of something else—pride, injured vanity or another emotion as the case may be. This is an entirely unsatisfactory enunciation of Donnay's philosophy, but if a man will write in such a way that the reader cannot say, "That sentence contains the heart of the whole matter!" what is a reviewer to do? After a careful reading of these three plays, it appears impossible to summarize Donnay more briefly than by transcribing the whole of "Lovers" which space (and the copyright) forbid. ("Lovers," "The Free Woman" and "They" by Maurice Donnay. Mitchell Kennerley. Bullock's.)

"Robert Fulton"

Typical of American character, its restless energy, its ambition, its persistence toward success, was Robert Fulton, who besides being famous for the steamboat, was also the inventor of the submarine, which he himself christened the "torpedo boat," and an artist of some ability. This little biography, one of a series, has been written by Fulton's granddaughter, and it is an interestingly told story. Most of all it shows how from the start on a lonely farm, where life was hard and limited, Fulton moved on and on, by unremitting toil, his active mind seeing new things to do and his

resolution keeping him to the task. His life is a lesson for everyone. Moreover, with all his devotion to a serious purpose, his letters and conversation reveal the joy which he took in art, in nature, and in the people around him. He was a delightful companion to his own family and to the great persons in America, France and England. He loved them all and they him. It is all a fine, wholesome, inspiring story. ("Robert Fulton," By Alice Crary Sutcliffe. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

"Aircraft in the Great War"

Although "Aircraft in the Great War" by Claude Graham-White and Harry Harper, is written entirely from the English viewpoint, with many references to "our heroes" and "our achievements," it is, nevertheless, a distinctly interesting contribution to a subject that disputes with the work of submarines in holding the interest of a neutral people. As one of the authors is a man who himself did much to bring the British air corps to its present high state of efficiency, the volume has a note of authority. That the larger airship, the Zeppelin of the Germans, has proved a disappointment because it is in a far cruder state of development than the aeroplane, is the conclusion of these writers. They declare that the Zeppelin is unable to rise high enough to escape gunfire from the ground, while in raids at night she is handicapped in dropping bombs accurately. The seaplane, likewise, is found to have failed of its possibilities because sufficient development had not been reached before the opening of hostilities.

Dogmatic statement is avoided in this first book by experts on aircraft in warfare and the conclusions reached, together with the well-expressed reasons leading to them, impress the reader as unprejudiced, although from Englishmen, who might well be hesitant about giving full credit to the work of the famous German airships. It is as eye of the army and carrier of messages that the aeroplane of the future is best to serve, according to Graham-White and Harper. The aviators augment but do not supersede the work of cavalry in scouting. As range-finders for artillery, aeroplanes have been extraordinarily effective in this war, but this use, the writers believe, is hardly likely to continue as the development of fighting aircraft will bring about the "battles in the air" in which imaginative writers have long gloried and will prevent aviators haunting one definite section of the air in their range-finding.

Aerial raids, so far as the findings of the authors went, have been of value merely as means of disconcerting the enemy rather than for any serious damage they have inflicted. Even their success in this direction is pronounced more human than mechanical, airmen triumphing over the limitations of their craft. ("Aircraft in The Great War." By Claude Graham-White and Harry Harper. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

"Parsival"

Gerhard Hauptmann, like Shaw, shows little reverence for the great names of his race. With an audacity worthy of G. Bernard, he has coolly appropriated "Parsival" without a word of appreciation to Wagner

and proceeds to present his own interpretation of the famous legend; with an evident seeking to give it new significance by a veiled application to modern conditions. With never a thought of the blending of all arts which the elder German attempted in "Parsival" the younger man retells the famous story in an allegory which, unfortunately, is too subtle to stand much chance of reaching the consciousness of many of his readers. The translation, by Oakley Williams, seems well to preserve the obscure style of the original. ("Parsival." By Gerhard Hauptmann. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

"The Lie"

To what lengths a playwright will go to obtain a "happy ending" is fully displayed in "The Lie" by Henry Arthur Jones. Throughout, Mr. Jones shows that he has become a consummate workman who has learned to develop a well-conceived and interesting plot, but as the end approaches all artistry is thrown aside, an effort is made to convince the reader that "they lived happily ever afterward," and the author stands revealed—an excellent workman and nothing more. Here, if ever in his numerous plays, Mr. Jones has had an opportunity to show himself an artist, but, unfortunately, he is content to remain the mere mechanic for the sake of the augmented revenue to be derived from an ephemeral "success." Anthony Trollope has said that the sufferings endured by the poor country gentry of England are much keener than those of actual paupers who lack only food, clothing and shelter, for among these poverty-stricken gentlemen there is the struggle to keep up the appearance of wealth and, in the background, the ever-imminent dread of the workhouse. It is of this unfortunate class of society that Mr. Jones treats in this new play. He shows the depths to which these "respectable" people will sink to keep up appearances, and displays the chicanery a young woman will use to obtain for herself a desirable, i. e., wealthy, husband. One young woman is self-sacrificing, is supposed to rise above this sordidness, is pointed out as the heroine of the drama, and then, in the end, demands a confession which will make the life of the man she loves miserable and marries another man for the sake of creature comforts he can give her and for the sake of the (supposedly) "happy ending." So the character of Elinor Shale tumbles from the heights of heroism to the sordid, and there are left to attract the reader only the personalities of two young men. One of these is a little more than a rather pleasing lay figure and the other owes his attraction not so much to verisimilitude as to Shawism, with Noll Dibdin having a strong savor of the worthy John Tanner. Miss Margaret Illington has been playing the leading role in "The Lie" this winter and, possibly, she can render the part of Elinor Shale convincing—it would certainly take an actress of tremendous power and personality to make the character anything but trivial and selfish. ("The Lie," By Henry Arthur Jones. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"The Man of Iron"

Apocryphal of present conditions comes "The Man of Iron" by Richard Dehan. "The man" is Bismarck; the time that of the Franco-Prussian war. The writer is an Englishwoman who assumes a nom-de-plume. It may be that English readers will not receive the book so readily as they would have done a year ago. In the times of which the author writes, England was a neutral, not an enemy of Germany. The story is from the German viewpoint of those days and not of the present time. With Bismarck coming and going in its pages, delineated by a firm and sure hand, the

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story has a biographical value, if one might be sure it is drawn to the life. But there is a tendency toward exaggeration that discounts the probabilities. Though Bismarck is the center of interest, the ostensible hero is a young Irish journalist, who makes his way to the war zone as a free lance and passes through such scenes as the whole world has become familiar with in the last nine months. No restraint is put on the description of the fields of battle and the atrocities of drunken soldiers, and at times the pages reek. Few novels of the present day of short stories reach the extent of 670 pages, as does this one. The author does not condense, omit or pass over. She elaborates her plot to the full and if at times the movement is slow, it is atoned for by the thoroughness of the work. The "Man of Iron" may not prove a popular seller, but it will place its writer well in the front of current authors of fiction. ("The Man of Iron." By Richard Dehan. F. A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

Notes From Bookland

"To the airman in the great war," says Claude Graham-White, the English aeronaut, "peril means nothing. He enjoys his part in the campaign—calls it real sport. One airman declared with a solemn zest that he had discovered an amusement that would save him from boredom when on a long flight. Said this man: 'I was at about 7000 feet, when I noticed a black object close to my head. I thought it must be a fly or an insect, yet I was surprised to see one at such a height. I stretched out my hand and what do you think I caught hold of? A rifle bullet! This bullet was obviously one which had been fired almost vertically into the air. It had ascended to its greatest altitude, and then, its momentum gone, had stood still for an instant before turning over and falling earthward.'" The airman, his science and his experiences in the European conflict are interestingly discussed in "Aircraft in the Great War," a book written by Mr. White and Mr. Harry Harper and issued by A. C. McClurg & Co.

According to Gertrude Atherton, author of "California. An Intimate History," the present activity of Mt. Lassen represents merely "the pangs of old age." It is more than two million years ago that the great earthquake rift was developed, and "that old wound," she remarks, "has never healed; every forty or fifty years the coast range has an attack of miocene fever, accompanied by spasms and followed by many minor protests at this long chastisement of nature." Mrs. Atherton has made this stupendous geological drama of the Sierras the prelude to the historic development of her state as related in "California. An Intimate History."

Music and Musicians

(Continued from Page Seven)

federation and made the subject of complimentary speeches by the National Board in session, at the Alexandria Tuesday last. The honor is well deserved as he has given his time almost exclusively to that end for months.

In the contest held by the Western division of the National Federation of Music Clubs, held at the Ebell club house last week, the winners were decided to be as follows: piano, Vera Kitchen, of Portland Oregon; singing, Mrs. Julia Harris Jack, of Fresno, Cal.; violin, Mae Anderson, of Salt Lake, Utah. Miss Anderson had no opposition. Honorable mention was given the work of Eleanor Voehlker, of Salt Lake City, in piano playing, and for the singing of Marguerite Gohlke, of Topeka, Kansas. Recently, in Salt Lake City, the Utah contest resulted in a tie between Lillian Phelps and Mrs. Stella Fletcher. These contestants appeared before the judges to decide the supremacy and the award was given to Miss Phelps. In spite of the large interest taken in music in Los Angeles, no local contestants appeared before the judges.

At the banquet given by the Matinee Musical Club last week in this city, the guest of honor was Mrs. Emerson Brush, vice president of the Federation of Musical Clubs and Mrs. Nellie Stephenson, of the federation board of directors. A number of speakers reviewed the work of the club for the last year and gave much praise to the creative department—under Fannie Dillon and Vernon Spencer—for its work in bringing to hearing a large number of the compositions of local musicians. Mrs. James H. Ballagh is the enthusiastic president of the club.

Ellen Beach Yaw is exercising her kindness of heart, at this writing, in attentions to a young woman being tried for killing her recreant sweetheart. There are those who will say Miss Yaw might be in better business and others who will see in this only an advertising device. And it may well be inferred that such classes are not of persons who would themselves be of personal, practical assistance to one in distress. It is easy to stand off with a perfunctory word of polite kindness and another thing to be of that dependable help which really gives real aid, comes into personal touch and says, "Here I am, use me for your own best interests in your time of trouble." How shallow the polite expression of sympathy compared with that sympathy which really does something tangible! Only experience can show the difference. The young woman in question is fortunate in having at least one friend who is not afraid of sacrifice or public misunderstanding.

"Hady," an opera by H. J. Botta, was presented at the Mason Opera House last week under the direction of the composer. The scene is laid among the Indians and at one point there is a bit of music that is characteristic of that fact. The principals were as follows: Olive Pestor, in the title role, Fern Melrose, Caroline Hall, contralto, Jane Howell, Peter Thompson, tenor, Llewellyn Hall, Robert Laws, John Angus, William Y. Holmes, bass. The chorus numbered twenty and the orchestra about the same. The audience was small and was considerably diminished in the course of the evening. The conductor made unstinted effort to get results from his forces but evidently, there had not been sufficient rehearsals on the stage and in the orchestra to get the best results. It cannot be said that the musical

caliber of the work is such as will cause it to be added to the permanent repertoire of operatic organizations.

Last Saturday evening a recital was given by Gretchen Rebok and Arthur Grip at the Woman's Club auditorium, Santa Monica. Miss Rebok, a former pupil of Thilo Becker, gave piano selections from Liszt and Chopin, two well known works from each, and Mr. Cripp offered works from Drdla, Vieuxtemps, Saint Saens, Kreisler and Weber. Both of these young musicians displayed talents which are becoming recognized with each succeeding recital they give and their performance of these works on the Santa Monica program evinces their high artistic aims as well as the degree of proficiency they have attained.

Sons of Eli, otherwise the Yale Alumni Association, gave a dinner reception last week in honor of Horatio Parker, professor of music at that noted college and composer of the prize opera "Fairyland," and of Brian Hooker, the writer of the text. Judge Wood at that dinner declared Los Angeles is to be to American opera what Bayreuth is to German opera, leaving the inference that Prof. Parker is to be regarded as the Wagner of America. All right, Mr. Parker, that is the kind of glad hand we give to our visitors out here; but don't take us too seriously when you get home and tell your friends we said so. Some of them may take to comparing notes as to what we said about them.

Again we chronicle the passing of a well known and aged musician of Los Angeles. Ferdinand Meine, for years director of the orchestra of the Mason Opera House, passed away the latter part of last week. Mr. Meine had been prominent in band and orchestra matters for thirty years. On the resignation of Harley Hamilton from the directorship at the Mason. Mr. Meine held the position until his infirmity pressed upon him, and then was succeeded by his son, B. F. Meine, the incumbent. When the first symphony orchestra was organized in Los Angeles, by A. J. Stamm, about 1889, Mr. Meine was one of the first violins and played under him and Harley Hamilton for twelve years. Mr. Meine had a studio in the Blanchard building for many years, being one of its first musical tenants when the building was opened in 1900. His son, Bern. F. Meine, still occupies the same room. Mr. Meine was one of the old-school musicians, quiet and non self-assertive—a careful teacher and a competent performer; one of that large class of German musicians which has done much to give a foundation for America's own musical development.

Estelle Heart Dreyfus, assisted by the Beverly trio, in a program of Russian, Hungarian, Spanish, Bohemian and traditional gypsy songs, will be heard in a Sunday evening concert at the Beverly Hills Hotel, June 27.

Under direction of Sibley G. Pease, organist-director, the following program will be given at the Sunday services of the Westlake M. E. Church, 11:00 a. m. Organ—Pastorale, Foote; Anthem—The Lord Is My Light, Parker; The Choir; Organ—Hymne Celeste, Friml; "Festival Te Deum, No. 7," Buck; The Quartette. Musical service at 7:45 p. m. Organ—Processional March in B Flat, Rogers; Concert Prelude in D Minor, Kramer; At Sunset, Diggle; Anthem—A Song in the Night, Woodman; Sing, My Soul, His Wondrous Love, Brueschweiler; The Choir; Quartettes—The Day is Gently Sinking to a Close, Geo. B. Nevin; Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? Sibley G.

Pease; Solos—Be Near Me, Lord, James F. Howe; In My Father's House Are Many Mansions, MacDermid; Robert Russell and Mr. Frank E. Geiger. Visiting musicians are most cordially invited.

Miss Ethelyn Harrison will present at the Hotel Ingraham tomorrow evening, in the second concert of her series of Sunday evening musicales there, Miss Sara Kouns, soprano; Miss Nell Kouns, soprano, and Miss Hazel Browning Wing, pianiste. These three artists are from the east, and have never been heard before in Los Angeles, having just arrived in the city at the close of a spring concert tour. The program they offer is one of especial variety and interest, the numbers are: Puccini, Song of the Flowers, from Madame Butterfly, Miss Nell Kouns, Miss Sara Kouns; Arensky, Etude, Arensky, Cuckoo, Miss Hazel Browning Wing; Alfred Delbruck, Un doux lieu. A. Bachelet, Chere Nuit, Miss Nell Kouns; Moszkowski, In Autumn, Cyril Scott, Danse Negre, Miss Wing; Charpentier, De puis le Jour, from Louise, Miss Sara Kouns; Anton Dvorak, The Last Wish, Anton Dvorak, The Parting, Miss Sara Kouns, Miss Nell Kouns.

"Fairyland" Prize Opera Next Week

When the \$10,000 grand opera "Fairyland" is produced at the Auditorium next Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with a Saturday matinee, a spectacle of extraordinary beauty and worth will be presented to the citizens of Los Angeles and vicinity. City and county have given financial support and clubs, social, musical, literary and civic, have agreed to make the attendance of the four performances unique. The opera comes as the climax to a well conceived program, and will attract to Los Angeles notables from the music world. As a composition it is extremely exacting for principals, chorus and orchestra. Marcella Craft, who creates the part of Rosamund, is too well known to need comment; William Wade Hinshaw, baritone, and Kathleen Howard, contralto, are favorites in the east. Albert Reiss, lyric tenor, is admittedly one of the ablest interpreters in opera today. His varied experience, his splendid voice and fine quality as an actor have secured him engagements in the leading opera houses of Europe, until prior to the breaking out of war. Ralph Errolle, heroic tenor, is a young American of rare interpretive resources. Albertina Rasch, the ballerina of the Century Opera Company, has charge of the ballet. She is a consummate artist in her profession. Had this performance been given at any other time than in the summer it would have been impossible to assemble so splendid a cast. Alfred Hertz, the well known leader from the Metropolitan, will conduct.

In consideration of the importance of these performances, the hearty cooperation of every music lover, every patron of the fine arts, every teacher and pupil is earnestly solicited, for only the undivided support of the entire city will make this event a notable one. The action takes place Once Upon a Time, and within the interval of a Year and a Day. The transformation at the end of the first and third acts to Fairyland is presented by sudden changes from ordinary stage light to a fantastic and decorative scheme of vivid colors; and by the effect of this colored light upon the scenery and costumes.

Here is the story in brief: Rosamund, a novice, from a balcony beholds the young king Auburn riding across the valley, and desires his affection. He, scornful the kingdom that has been too easily his own, wishes to go on a pilgrimage. He leaves his crown to the Abbess My-

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riel. His envious brother Corvain steals upon him while he prays before the shrine, strikes him down and leaves him for dead. Auburn, reviving, finds himself among the fairies, and within the shrine not of Our Lady but of his own lady Rosamund. They are crowned king and queen in a vision of Fairyland.

Thinking Auburn dead, Corvain seizes the kingdom, which is also claimed by Myriel. Rosamund flees from the Abbey searching for Auburn and falls into the hands of Corvain. Auburn returns to claim his crown, but none will recognize him as King; Rosamund knows him only as her Prince of Fairyland; and he, having come back to earth, knows her not. Myriel, pursuing Rosamund, comes upon the two. She and Corvain quarrel for possession of the fugitive and Auburn interferes, proclaiming himself king, and invoking the magic power of the rose which he has brought from Fairyland. But the rose withers before the scornful laughter of Corvain and the people. Rosamund, renouncing Corvain's protection, is led away a prisoner of Myriel's and Auburn is left desolate.

Rosamund, believing in her fairy lover, is to be burned for witchcraft. Myriel strives to make her repent, persuading her that her vision had been of holiness, not of love; but Rosamund cannot doubt. Rosamund and Auburn now remember each other and despise their dream; seeing that Robin and his people are nothing more than peasant clods, who cannot aid them. Auburn single-handed desperately attacks Corvain, who has him seized and bound to the stake. In that last moment, while the fagots kindle, they hear the drinking-song of the common folks in the tavern, and know them for the people of the hills. The rose burns in Auburn's bosom like a star, while Rosamund sings the magic song. The scene changes into the likeness of their vision, wherein both Myriel and Corvain are overpowered by a throng of fairies. Auburn and Rosamund are again set free and crowned, and the world is one with Fairyland.

Stocks & Bonds

A GAIN the market has ruled dull; activity has been conspicuous by its absence, trading is sluggish, and stocks virtually unchanged. It is becoming impossible to describe the condition of the local exchange in terms other than these. This week's activities (or better, inactivities) are merely an example of what has transpired in the last two months or so. It is just a case of no news, no dealings. Everybody is waiting for something to happen, while general influences remain depressing, if anything.

Practically the only bright spot is the mining list. But even here sales are confined to a few issues, like Consolidated Mines and Big Jim Gold. The former is feeling the effect of an assessment of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent, just levied. It stands 1 bid at $1\frac{1}{4}$ compared with $1\frac{3}{8}$ bid at the end of last week. Big Jim Gold is rather strong.

Aside from these trades there have been a few deals in Amalgamated Oil stock which is firm, and scattered transactions in Home Telephone preferred at \$37.50 and in the common at \$12.50, United Oil at 23, and Maricopa Northern at 2.

Beginning next month will be recorded the making of large dividend and interest payments, known as the semi-annual disbursements. The total amount to be distributed aggregates about \$4,000,000. About \$1,500,000 of this is interest to be paid to savings bank depositors. About \$500,000 will be paid out in bank stock dividends, and, perhaps, \$300,000 in oil company dividends. There will be a number of other payments by industrial concerns. One of the largest of these will be the Producers Transportation dividend.

Stock and Bond Briefs

There are only about \$64,500,000 of securities maturing in July, and the greater portion of these have already been provided for. In less than half of the current year, in the face of the greatest war in history, the corporations of this country have already provided for 75 per cent of the year's record total of approximately \$800,000,000 maturing securities. In two cases—Missouri, Kansas & Texas' \$19,000,000 notes and Missouri Pacific's \$25,000,000 notes—holders were asked to extend their securities. National Railways of Mexico defaulted on \$26,730,000 notes due June 1. There is left only about \$200,000,000 of maturities yet to be taken care of, about \$125,000,000 of the remaining \$327,000,000 issues coming due between now and the end of the year having already been financed. Among issues thus provided for are \$87,000,000 Pennsylvania 3½s due in October, and about \$80,000,000 of New York Central notes not yet due.

Citizens National Bank Brochure

"Milestones in History" is the title of the attractively illustrated brochure just issued by the Citizens National Bank. The story depicts the progress of the human race on the Pacific coast from savagery to the highest type of civilization, and incidentally, the development and growth of the banking institution.

In the June Magazines

In Current Opinion are expounded thoughts as to the possibility of war with Germany with the conclusions that the vastness of the distance between the questioned areas will be a saving power, but that it will require the utmost skill and energy to avert the danger mark. Authorities are cited concerning Wilson's note which seem to applaud his action. In the matter of Japan's triumph over China the conclusion is that the clause "before choosing any foreign political, military or financial advisers, China must consult Japan," is significant enough to give Japan the upper hand. It is styled an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine for China. Other topics discussed are Hungarian battles as a possible element in the decision of the fate of the war; the British view of our relation to the German submarine campaign and the strategic impossibility of peace between Germany and Great Britain. In "Persons in the Foreground," John Skelton Williams, comptroller of currency, is characterized as a man of strength. Bernard Dernberg is styled "attractive" and as inspiring confidence, and to Eleutherios Venizelos, who has become the decisive personality in the destinies of the Balkans, is attributed rejuvenation of the days of Hellenic rule in Greece. Bernard Shaw's prediction of more exigent and widespread interest in motion pictures is commented on, and the difficulty of making explosives explode at the right moment, is intelligently exploited by the expert of the London Chronicle.

George Harvey editorially comments on "The Duty of America" as concerns the present controversy with Germany in the North American Review. He accuses Germany of deliberately killing one hundred American citizens because Great Britain refused to permit the United States to supply the German army with foodstuffs. He anticipates neither war nor humiliation and says, "A more dependable President than Mr. Wilson could not be desired." In "The Japanning of China," he deduces that Japan beginning operations later than the European belligerents, has already driven Germany from all her holdings in Asia and in the course of five months has established suzerainty over the Chinese Republic. "Our Colonel at His Best" is a humorous treatise on the ex-President. "Railroad Postal Rates," a setting forth of conditions as existing between the Post-office Department and the railroads; "Are 'Public Defenders' Needed?" proves the editor's opinion against creating the place of Public Defender; and "Mark Twain's War Map," drawn in 1870, is explained. The solution of the problems of our national defenses are discussed by Lindley M. Garrison, secretary of war. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, tells of "Freeing Alaska from Red Tape." David Jayne Hill, former ambassador to Germany, analyzes "International Morality" and Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton "The Kaiser's Psychosis." Six stanzas of Florence Earle Coates' "Time" are given, and May Austin's new serial "The Man Jesus."

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page nine)

nuzio, is the treat in store for lovers of the best in motion pictures at Miller's for the week beginning Monday, June 28. In selecting the gowns for this character Mlle. Bara has sought for "vampirish" effects and has obtained startling results. William Fox has pictured every role in the hands of a capable artist. Paul Doucet, a celebrated Broadway star is a sculptor, Lucio, whose life and ambitions fall prey to "The Devil's Daughter." Others in the cast are Robert Wayne, Jane Miller, Doris Heywood, Victor Benoit, Elaine Ivans and the remarkable child artiste, three year old Jane Lee. Added attractions are "The Goddess" on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and the new "Romances of Elaine" on the last four days of the week.

Selig Polyscope Additions

Unusual interest centers in the coming production of Kathlyn Williams' new jungle feature in which she collaborated with Tom Santschi. This photo drama which is being prepared by Robert Daly, a newcomer at the Selig Zoo, affords Miss Williams opportunity for a spectacular adventure with a mad lion and other wild beasts. Another addition of note to the already important members of the Selig Polyscope Company is Fritz Brunette who has been assigned a prominent role in "Mizpah," a picturization to be produced here by Colin Campbell, Tyrone Power and Kathlyn Williams. Three carloads of wild animals and other interesting live exhibits are now part of the mammoth group of animals at the Selig Jungle Zoo, open daily to the public at Eastlake Park. Among the rarities are a black leopard, the only cat bear in this country; an orang outang, eight elephants, numerous pheasants and a fortune in cranes.

Public School Music Next Week

Several years ago, the Los Angeles schools presented a music festival covering a period of an entire week in which original compositions by the students of the Los Angeles high schools were presented for consideration. The grammar and elementary grade schools, the boys' and girls' glee clubs of the various high schools and the orchestras presented creditable programs from the great masters. These programs attracted such wide-spread attention that the National Federation Board requested an entire day be given at the biennial meeting at Los Angeles, for the music department of the public schools of this city. Yesterday public school music program was given at the Gamut Club, presided over by Mrs. Frances E. Clark and at 2:15 at the Shrine Auditorium, a musical program presented by the vocal and instrumental departments of the Los Angeles Elementary Schools was given under the direction of Kathryn E. Stone, Jennie E. Jones, Mary B.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
May 28, 1915.

Non-Coal 025623
Notice is hereby given that Guillermo Bojorquez, whose post-office address is Palms, California, did, on the 22nd day of January, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025623, to purchase the Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Section 19, Township 1 South, Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$361.20, the stone estimated at \$216.72 and the land \$144.48; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 12th day of August, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
June 15, 1915.

Non-Coal 025825
Notice is hereby given that Ann M. Hunter, whose post-office address is 410 W. 52nd Place, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 13th day of February, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025825, to purchase the NE¼ NW¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of August, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 2:00 p. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

Ludlow, and Aima L. Stickel. For the evening also at Shrine Auditorium, the crowning effort of the school music departments, a musical program presented by the combined organizations of the Los Angeles high schools was particularly well received.

Zane Grey, whose last novel, "The Lone Star Ranger," was a fall publication, is taking a holiday at Palm Beach, and later will go to Long Key for tarpon fishing.

Alfred Noyes' latest book, "A Belgian Christmas Eve, being 'Rada' revised and Enlarged as an Episode of the Great War," is illustrated by four engravings after Goya. Though centuries separate the artist and the poet, in their ability to etch into our consciousness the stark horror and futility of war, they are as one.

VACATION 1915

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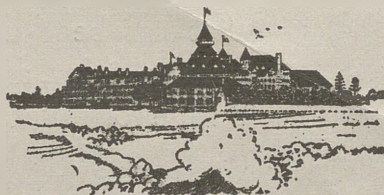
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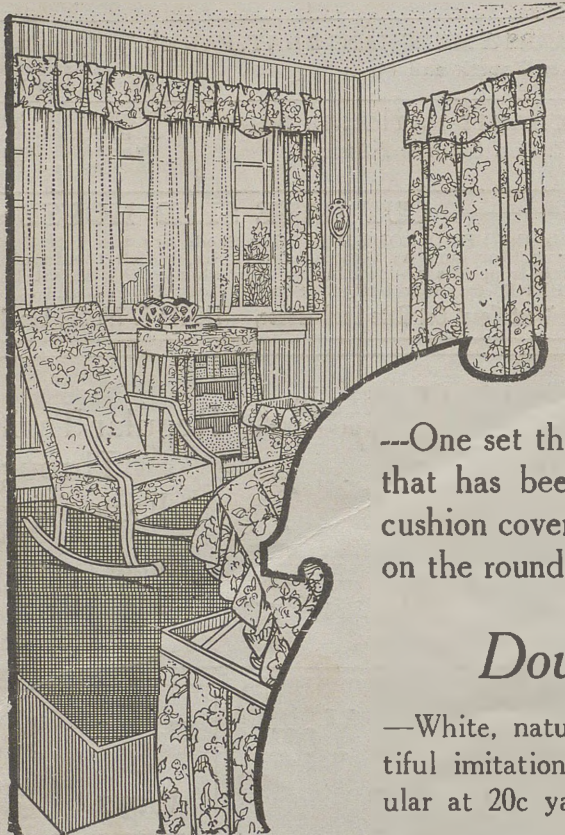
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—(From Sunday Times, June 20)

"That New Patchery.

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